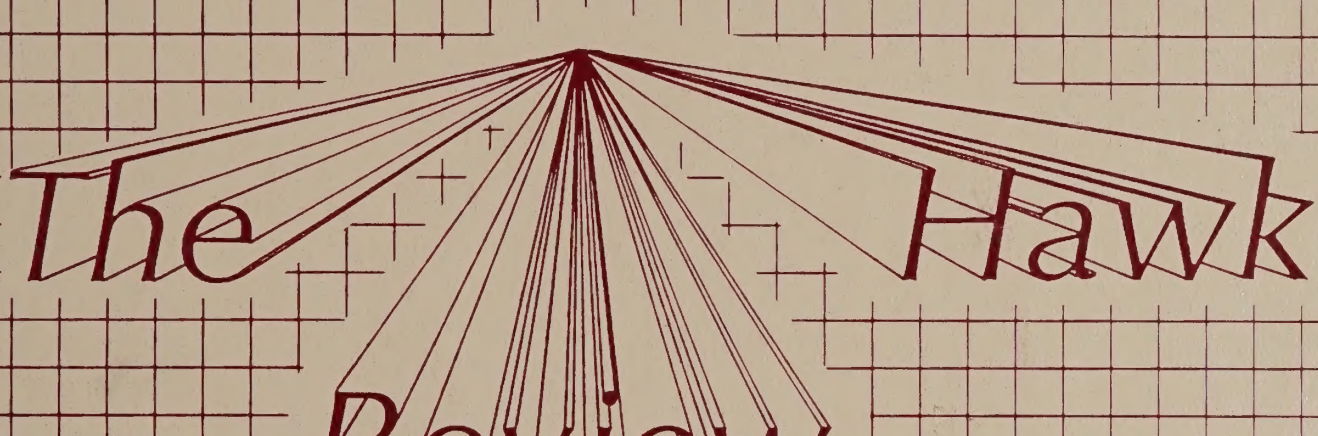


1986 - 87

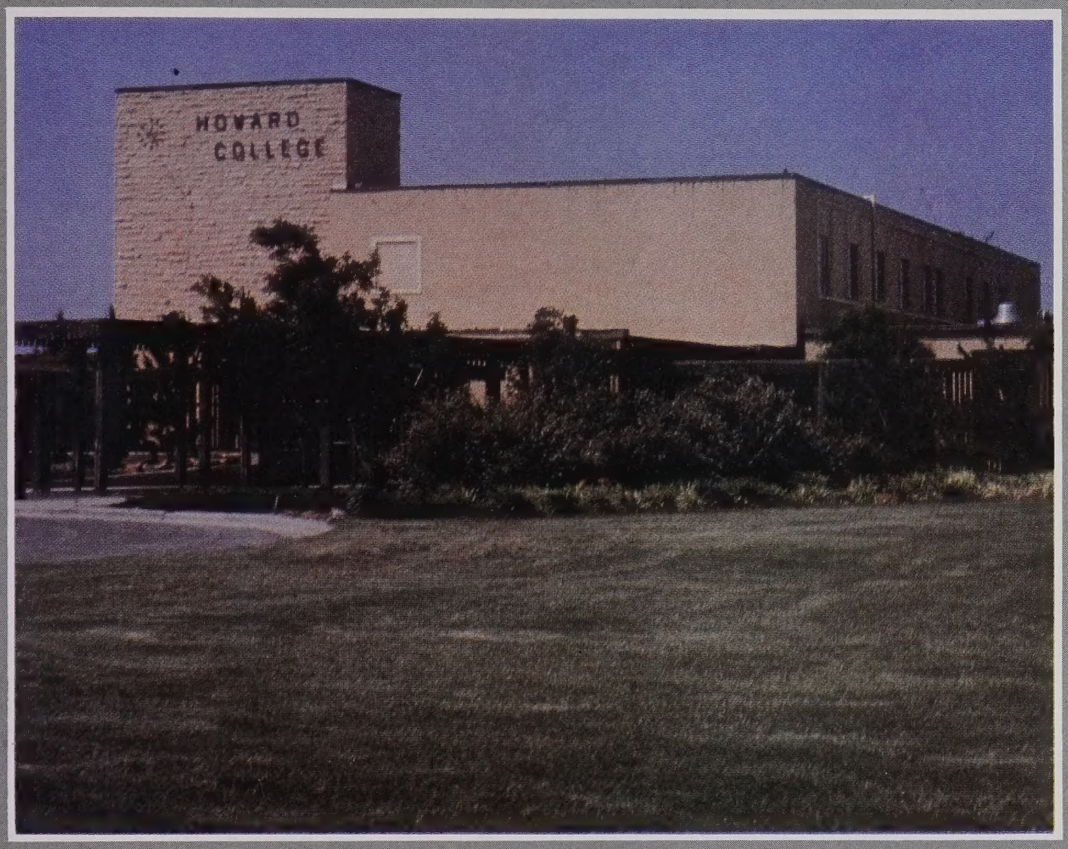
GEN

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1987

HAWK REVIEW

1987



Howard College

Southwest Collegiate Institute

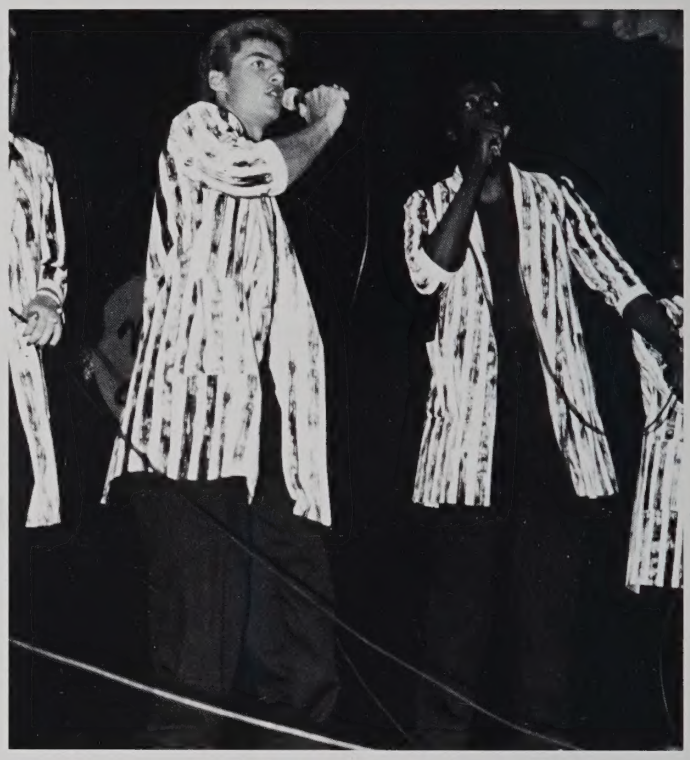
for the Deaf

Student Life . . . 11
Sports 39
Organizations . 53
Personnel 75
Literary 85

REMEMBER DAYS GONE BY . . .



Stephanie Dobbs and Anissa Bartee perform in the play, "To Gillian On Her 37th Birthday."



Clark Dunnam and Kim Anding entertain at the Miss HC/SWCID pageant.



Dennis Rhodes is introduced during pre-game activities.



Brenda Clark poses as a dancehall girl for the Halloween Dance.

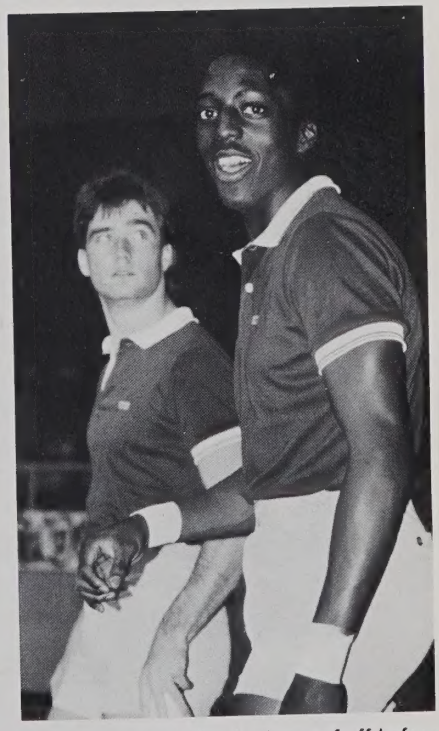
WHEN WE LAUGHED...



Priscilla Escanuela shows off her bumble-bee costume for the Halloween Dance.



Todd Gusman, Christine Merkel and Jamas Johnson take a ride at Prude Ranch.



Gary Vaughn and Kim Anding goof off before a basketball game.

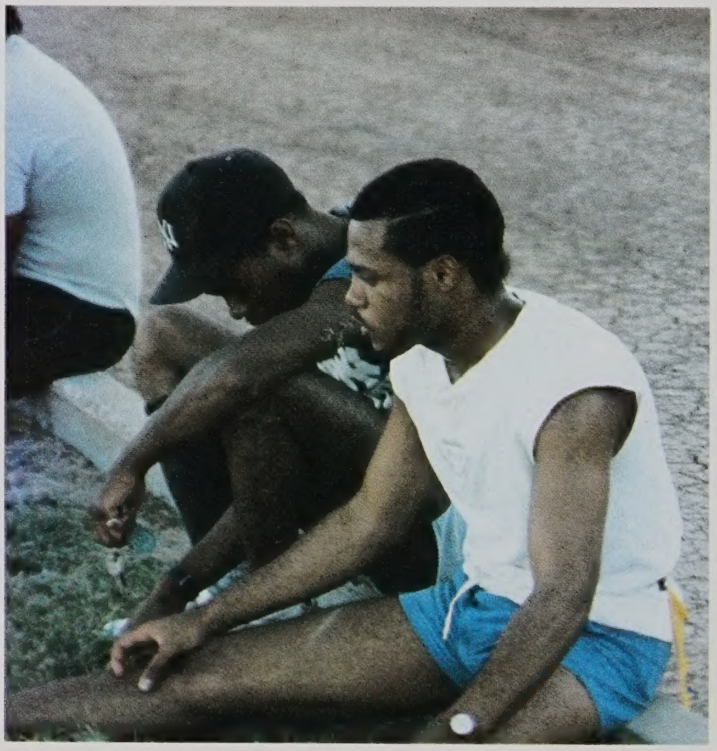
CRIED...



Jamas Johnson is crowned Miss SWCID by Patti Pyle as Brenda Doll and Dr. Riley look on.



Chandra Wrightsil looks disappointed in the game.



Rod Fair and Alvin McVea take a break during Intramurals.



Stephanie Dobbs performs a dramatic monologue at the Miss HC/SWCID Pageant.

CARED...



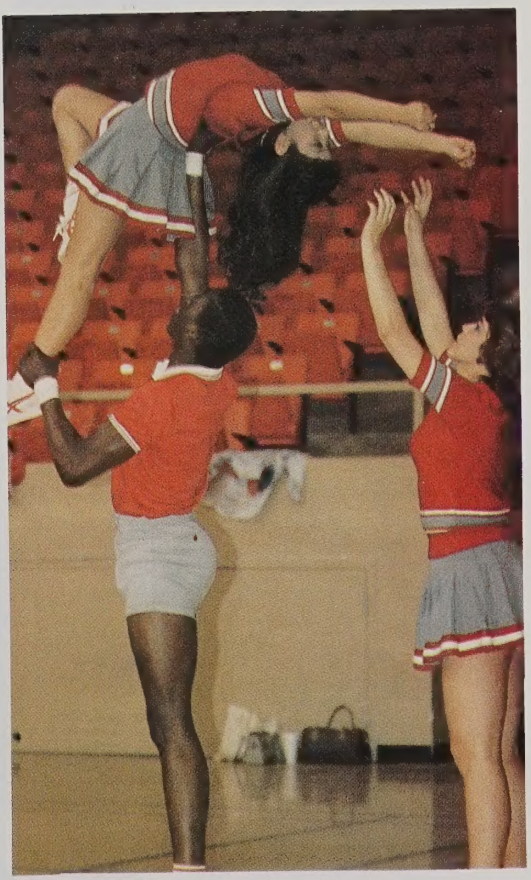
J. C. Johnson and Connie Fritzler perform in "To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday."



Shannon Garrison and Jerre Lynch help decorate the SUB for Christmas.

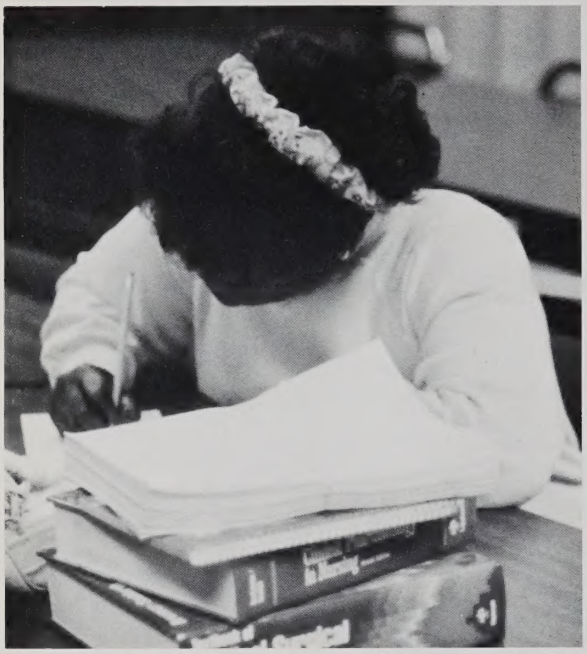


SWCID students work on their game plan at Intramural football.



Rita Uranga, Kim Anding, and Pandy Grigg perfect their routine.

STUDIED...



Bernarvy Franklin prepares for registration at the Del Rio campus.



Mr. Labbe's music class listens to a lecture. Pictured are Diana LeFevre, Doug Stanislaus, Mike Hare and Madelaine Bayes.



Cole Wilson, Katherine Dishman and Brian Mehan make plans at the leadership conference attended by SGA representatives.



Showing off the cake in honor of Dental Hygiene Week are LaDonna Rocha, Shonda Elliott, Amanda McKinney, Dana Russell and Tonya Spence.

Didn't Study...



Students show off their costumes at the Halloween Dance.



Walter Walker, Mitchell Porter, Dennis Rhodes, and Cort Petterson relax before their game.



Jamas Johnson performs a mime routine at the Miss HC/SWCID pageant.



Joe DeCardona, Mary Ellen McCaffery and Susan McCaa take a break in the SWCID lounge before class.



John Medrick, Randy Deal, Doug Staley, and Frank Medina take break from preparing for Luminaria.

Then Look Forward . . .



Amanda Fonville models casual wear at the Miss HC/SWCID pageant.



Thad Weber fills sand sacks for Luminaria.

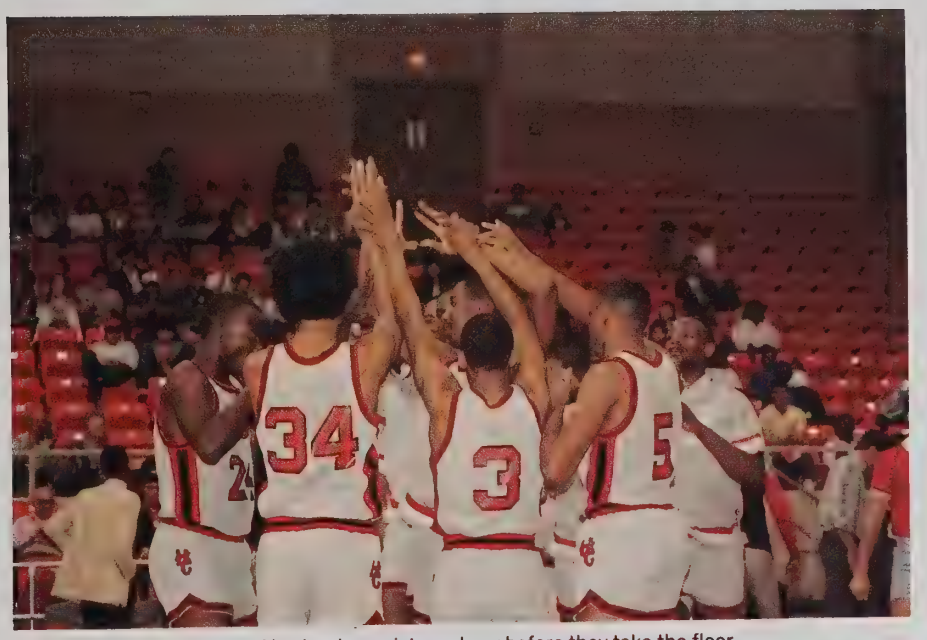


HC cheerleaders pep up the crowd at the all-sports bonfire.

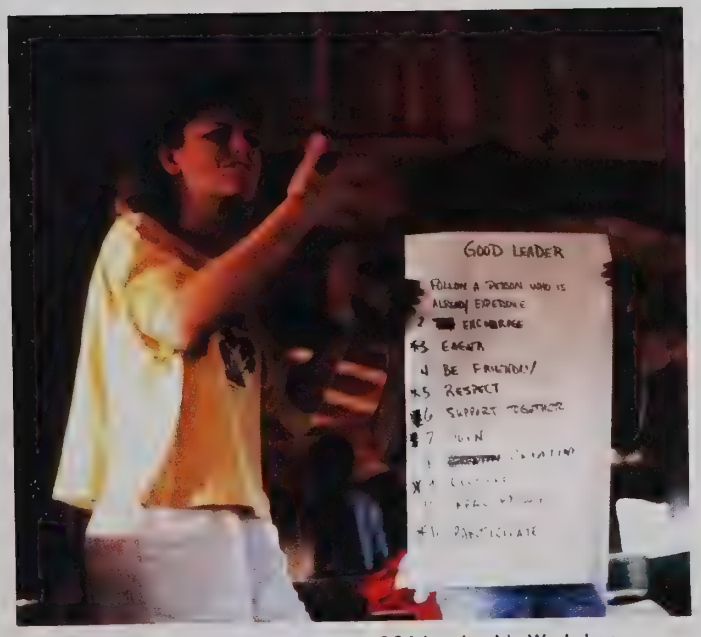


Kenny Jones and Rita Uranga wait for the games to begin.

Set Goals and . . . Get



The Hawks give a victory cheer before they take the floor.



Jamas Johnson teaches in the SGA Leadership Workshop.



Connie Fritzler and Madelaine Bayes perform at the Miss Howard County/SWCID Pageant.

"BACK TO THE FUTURE"



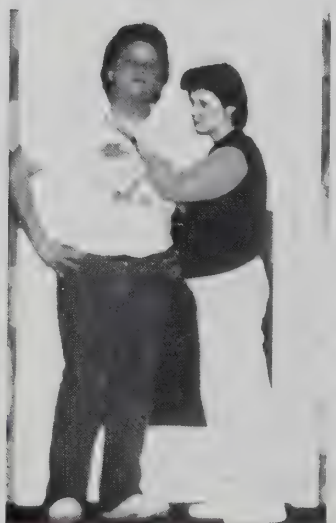
Jeanie Robertson performs in the opening number of the Miss HC/SWCID pageant.



Dr. Bob E. Riley, HCJCD President and Dee Highley, automotive technology instructor at HC, thank Bill Lassiter and Don Owens of Highland Pontiac for the Nissan Pickup donated to the college. The pickup and three other cars donated by Pontiac are used in teaching automotive technology courses at HC.



Trena Jackson looks intent on her shot.



John Woodall and Cheryl Shults act in the play, "To Gillian On Her 37th Birthday."



Financial Aid Director Ann Duncan travels to the Del Rio campus for registration.



Between classes, Sean Beddow gives us her best pose.

STUDENT LIFE

Miss Howard County/ SWCID Crowned At Annual Pageant



Jamas Johnson is chosen to represent SWCID and Stephanie Dobbs is chosen to represent Howard County for 1987.



Miss Texas, Stephany Samone, visits with former Miss HC, Ronda Fowler, who served as emcee for the pageant.



Kim Beckham, Miss HC for 1986, performs at the pageant, along with Patti Pyle, Miss SWCID '86.



Jeanie Robertson, Amy Burgess, Lori Gilbert and Stephanie Dobbs await the announcement of who will serve as Miss Howard County for 1987.



Sharla Bailey, Molly Thompson, and Diana LaFevre entertain at the Miss HC/SWCID pageant.



Amanda Fonville, Brenda Doll, and DeeAnn Farrell look on as Jamas Johnson is named Miss SWCID.

HC Reunion . . . . . Lots of Memories

The first session of Howard College began in September of 1946. 1986 marked the 40th anniversary of this event. To celebrate, a reunion was held. Events such as a spaghetti supper, a slide show on the history of HC, a wine and cheese reception, and a dinner were carried out with great success. The unveiling of the Alumni Memorial plaque and the presentation of the first distinguished Alumni Award took place at the reception and dinner. Dr. P. W. Malone served as speaker at the dinner. Joe Pickle was the master of ceremonies, and Robert Miller was presented with Alumni Award. This reunion provided a chance to look back on the beginning years of Howard County Junior College.



Dr. P. W. Malone, original member of the Board of Trustees, speaks at the ceremony, as Joe Pickle and Dr. Riley listen.



HC Classics, Leslie Kirkpatrick, Anissa Bartee, and Brandy Watkins, serve at the wine and cheese reception, along with Cheri Sparks.



Robert Miller, former president of Getty Oil, is presented the Outstanding Alumni Award by HC president, Dr. Bob E. Riley.



Dr. Bob Riley shows Dorothy Garrett around the Coliseum Hall of Honor.

Intramurals . . . Fun and Competition



In the fall, students enjoy intramural football and volleyball. Basketball and softball come along for the spring semester. All provide the students with an outlet for their extra energies and a time for fun and competition.







Luminaria Brightens The Campus At Christmas



The beautifully lit HC campus shines for the Black and Blue Gala.



Joel Chimelis and Randy Hayworth prepare for the big event.



Sean Beddow, Thad Weber and other students lend a hand.



Lisa Riley, Karen Snodgrass and Shannon Garrison pitch in.

Classics For HC And SWCID Represent College



Howard College Classics for 1987 are Sean Beddow, Stephanie Dobbs, Anissa Bartee and Dana Hiltbrunner.



Lisa Russ — SWCID Classic



Kim Hawkins — SWCID Classic



Wendi Lindsey — SWCID Classic

Mr. & Miss Hawk

Terri Powell
Chad Baker



Mr. & Miss Rattlesnake

Kim Hawkins
Dirk Hill



SOPHOMORE FAVORITES



HC Sophomore Favorites — Stephanie Dobbs and Chad Baker



SWCID Sophomore Favorites — Kim Hawkins and Dirk Hill

FRESHMAN FAVORITES



SWCID Freshman Favorites — Katherine Dishman and John Russo



HC Freshman Favorites Kim Rankin and Christopher Nugen



Howard College Batgirls for 1987 are Sean Beddow, Shelley Hodge, Jerry Lynch, Jeanne Robertson, Laura Reeger, Amanda McKinney and (top) Ginger Griffin.

Howard College Batgirls . . . Behind the Hawks All the Way!

Outstanding Teachers Elected By Student Body



Sandra Ammons-Rasmus — SWCID



Brian Rasmus — SWCID



Dr. Mel Griffin enjoys the Teacher Appreciation Luncheon with Anita Booth, David King and Susan King.



Paul Ausmus and Dr. Mel Griffin — Howard College



Greg Henry and the Student Government Association Officers, Jackie Onick, Stephanie Dobbs and Shelley Hodge, make the presentations at the Howard College luncheon.

Presidential Award Honors Top Students



Howard College
Presidential Award
Shannon Garrison



Southwest Collegiate
Institute for the Deaf
Presidential Award
Teresa Janice

American Legion Salutes Outstanding Students



Howard College
American Legion
Award Recipients
Glenn Donnelly and Terri Powell

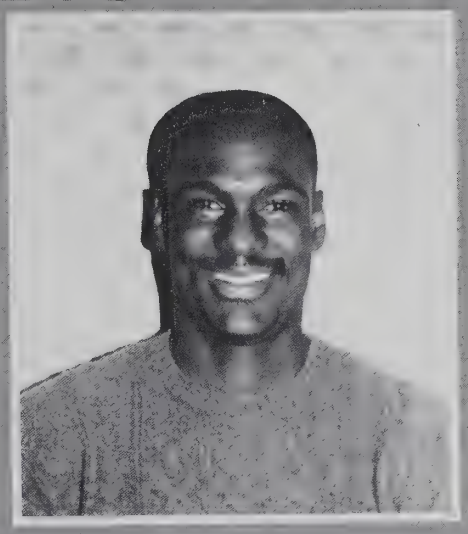


SWCID
American Legion
Award Recipients
Dirk Hill and Katherine Dishman

WHO'S WHO



Scott Evans — H.C.



Mitchell Porter — H.C.



Annette Henry — H.C.



Stephanie Dobbs — H.C.



Amanda McKinney — H.C.



Sean Beddow — H.C.



Kelli Gillespie — H.C.



Julie Waid — H.C.

WHO'S WHO



Brandye Owens — H.C.



Terri Powell — H.C.



Scott Freeman — H.C.



Shannon Garrison — H.C.



Shelly Hodge — H.C.



Karen Snodgrass — H.C.



Dennis Rhodes — H.C.



Jonathan Garrett — H.C.

WHO'S WHO



Rita Uranga — H.C.



Todd East — H.C.



Ricky Gum — SWCID



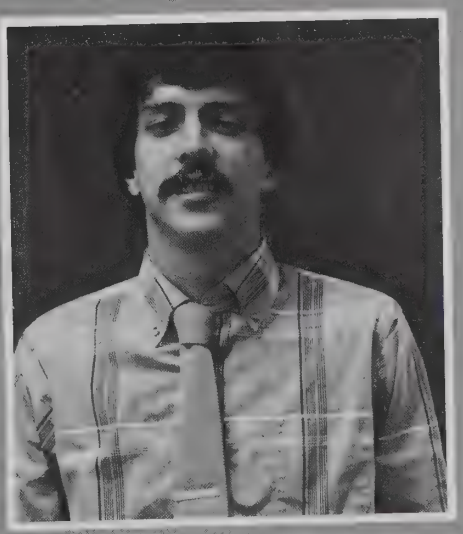
Patti Pyle — SCWID



Kim Hawkins — SCWID



Wendi Lindsey — SCWID



Dirk Hill — SCWID



Teresa Janice — SCWID

SWCID Dedicates Dorm To Dr. Burke



Dr. Bob Riley speaks at the SWCID dorm dedication in honor of Dr. Douglas Burke.



Ron Brasel, Dean of Instruction at SWCID, speaks at the dedication ceremony.

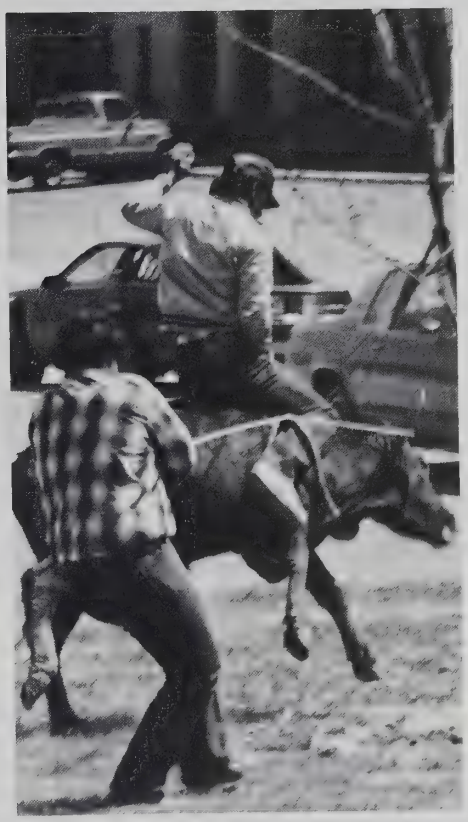


Dr. Riley presents the replica of the plaque to appear on the new dormitory to Dr. Douglas Burke.

FUN AT WESTERN DAY



Jimmy Hamilton and Terry Campbell steady the steer as Mike Raney climbs aboard.



Winners Mitchell Pierce and Bill Berry cross the finish line.



Shawn Shreves and Bill Doll get ready for the competition.

"Burning Down The House . . . "



HC cheerleaders perform at the All-Sports Bonfire.



Greg Henry and Frank Medina speak to pep up the crowd.



Bruce Mitchell, Chris Miller, and Walter Walker listen to a pep talk.

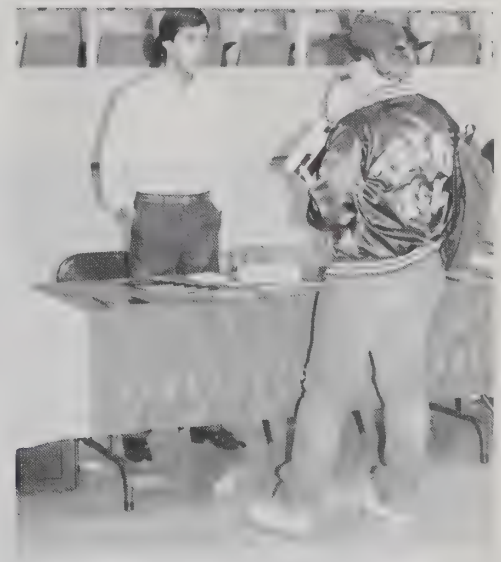
Educational Pursuit Offers Opportunities



Pandy Grigg and Kim Anding man the Howard College table at the Educational Pursuit.



Students take advantage of the opportunities to obtain information from various colleges.



A student speaks with the TTU representative.



Trena Jackson and Chandra Todd decide which table to visit next.

Athletes Honored at Annual Banquet



Dick Helms is presented the Howard College Hall of Fame Award as Coach Bill Griffin, Dr. Mel Griffin, and Judy Johnston look on.



The baseball academic award is given to Glenn Donnelly by Frank Anderson.



R. D. Christian receives the All Around Hawk Cowboy award from Dusty Johnston.



Dennis Rhodes is presented the Most Valuable Player award for men's basketball by Coach Larry Brown.



Stephanie Massie and Terri Powell receive the MVP award for women's basketball from Coach Don Stevens.



Joel Chimelis is presented the MVP award in baseball by Greg Henry.

Howard College Awards Convocation Shows Off Campus Leaders



Shannon Garrison is awarded the Presidential Award by Dr. Bob E. Riley at the HC Award Convocation, as Ron Brasel of SWCID looks on.



Sylvia Justice receives the Thistles Award from Dr. Cheri Sparks.



Dr. Riley speaks about the contributions of the HC Classics, Anissa Bartee, Sean Beddow, Stephanie Dobbs, and Dana Hiltbrunner.



Rodney McMillian is presented the Outstanding Journalism Student Award by Dr. Cheri Sparks.

SWCID Honors Outstanding Students



Keith LeGood is presented with an award at the annual SWCID Awards Convocation as Danny Campbell, Ron Gough, Ron Brasel, Minnie Mae Wilding, and Dr. Bob Riley look on.



Clete Boudreaux receives an award from Diane Linhart.



Diane Linhart presents Katharine Dishman with an award at the ceremony.



Matt Brown and Dennis Rhodes show off their HC diplomas.



Shannon Garrison looks over the program for the graduation ceremony.



Alisa Allen waits for Cheryl Shults to pin her collar.



The Nighthawks perform at the ceremony.

HCJCD Graduation Caps Off Another Year



Wyonna Payte pins Londa Blottcher's collar before the ceremony.



Karen Snodgrass puts Julie Waid's collar in place as Misty Pinkerton looks on.



Patrick Ruff, Brian Beaulieu, and Bill Valentine prepare for the ceremony.



Kelly Ballard assists Charlotte Wright.



Jackie Onick gets Kelly Ballard to pin her collar.



Willie Nelson and his band perform at the Dorothy Garrett Coliseum to benefit the renovation of Comanche Trail Park.



Chad Baker gets a friendly kiss from Laura Reeger.



Charlene Wooldridge gives Carolyn Willandt a box of Valentine candy for the Adopt-an-Athlete Program.



In the SWCID production of "The Second Shepherd's Play," Mary played by Katherine Dishman, blesses the three shepherds, Teresa Janice, Darrell McMurrough, Daniel Rollins, for their offerings.



The Queens cheer on the Hawks as they get ready to take the floor.

Sports

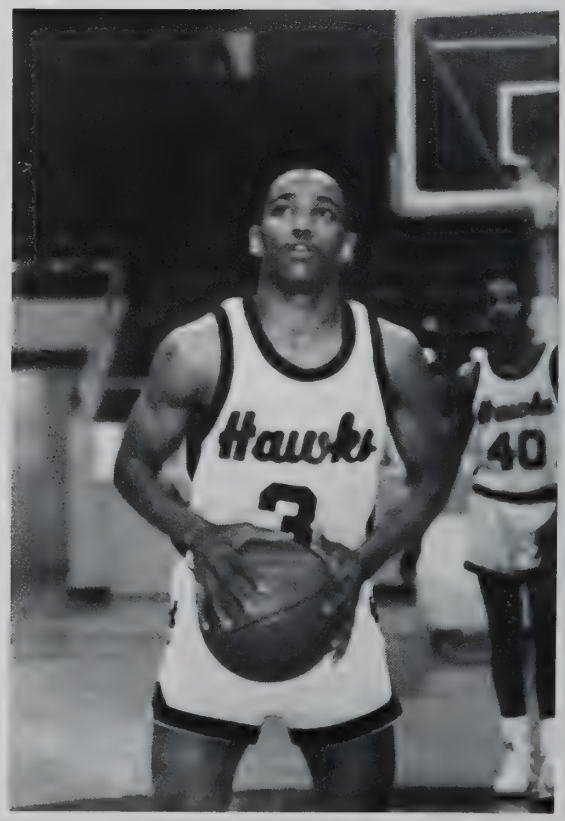
Hawks Have Successful Season



(kneeling) Rodney Gee (mgr.), Sammy Jackson, Walter Walker, Rod Martin, Pat Santos, Robert Barley, Matt Brown, Norris Sumrall, Dennis Rhodes, (standing) Kenny Jones, Coach Brown, Billy Giggins, Kevin Bradsher, Chris Miller, Mitchell Porter, Sam Williams, Myron Wright, Bruce Mitchell, Coach Horstman, Coach Green.



Mitchell Porter tips one in.



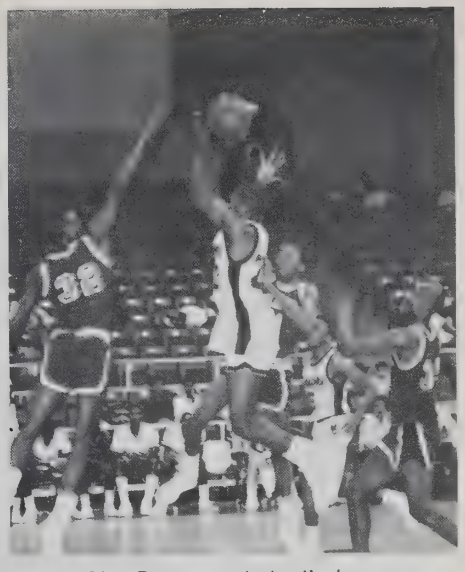
Dennis Rhodes concentrates on a free throw attempt.



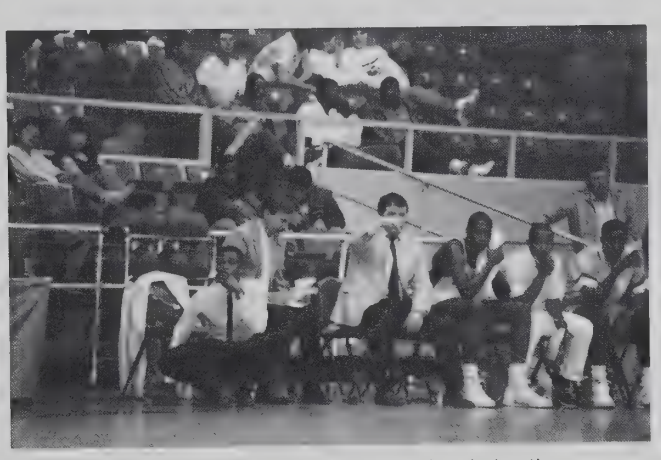
A reverse slam dunk by Kevin Bradsher thrills the crowd.



Robert Barley makes an easy two.



Matt Brown penetrates the lane.



Coaches Green, Horstman, and Brown in action during the game are the power behind the team.

New Coaches Rebuild Hawks



A power rebound is taken by Sam Williams.



Walter Walker floats through the air for two.



Myron Wright makes a crucial basket.

Hawk Queens Fight For Regional



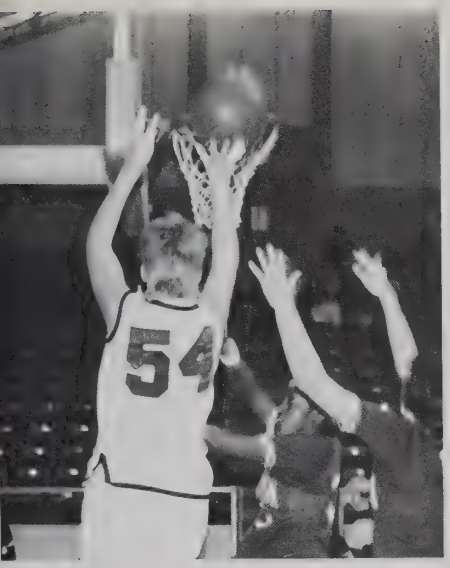
(kneeling) Laura Reeger (mgr.), Pam Franklin, Terri Powell, Leslie Gooch, Trena Allen, Trena Jackson, Julie Waid, (standing) Coach Stevens, Risa Wiilard, Stephanie Massie, Carolyn Willandt, Chandra Todd, Leslie Carter, Sophia Ish, Brandi Owens, Amy Kirkpatrick (trainer).



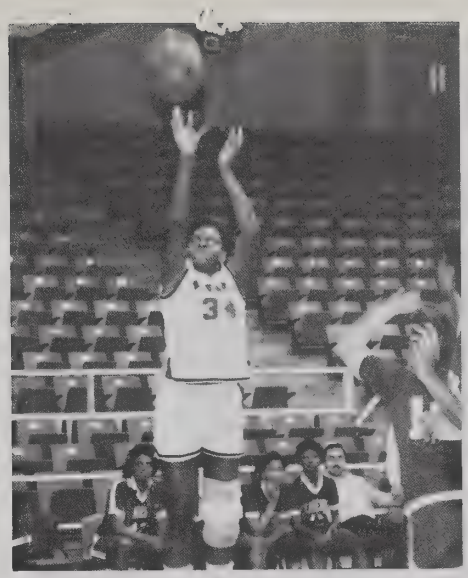
Coach Don Stevens is the mentor of the Queens.



Trena Jackson takes aim.



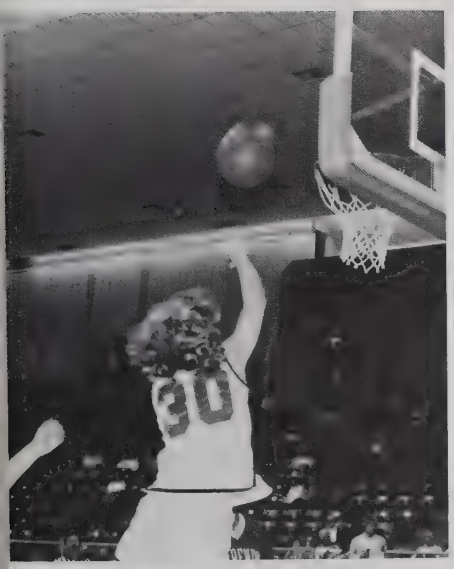
Carolyn Willandt shoots from the baseline.



Stephanie Massie pulls up with a shot from the wing.



Trena Jackson converts a lay up.



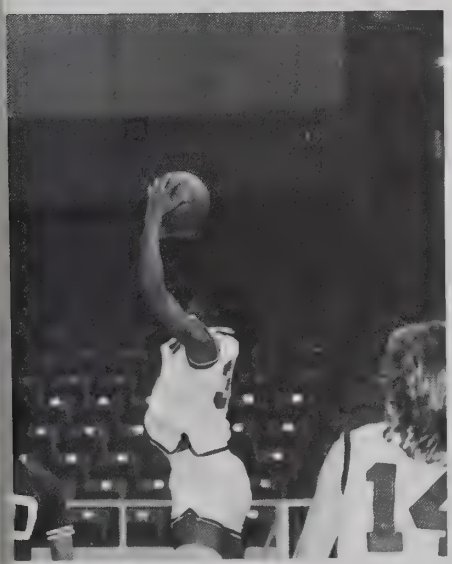
Terri Powell uses a soft touch on a tough shot.



Coach Stevens goes over the game plan.



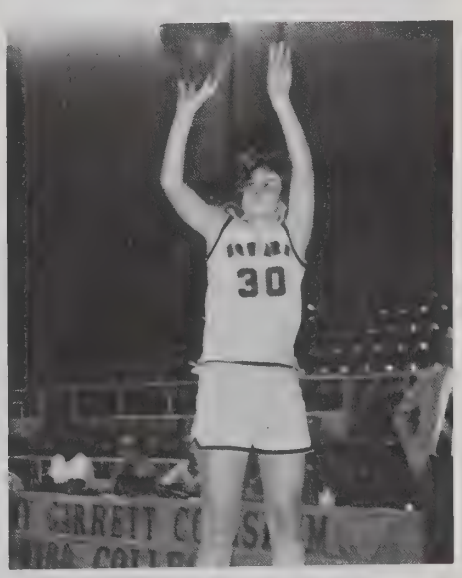
Pam Franklin and Terri Powell fight for the ball.



ephanie Massie shoots a jumper from the int.



Carolyn Willandt makes another two.

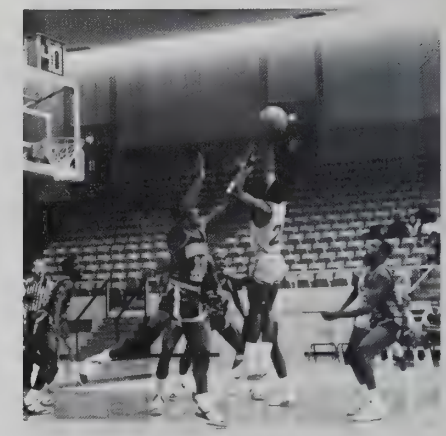


Terri Powell shoots as Coach Stevens watches.

Hawks Excel . . . Academics & Athletics



Yeah we are!!!



Dennis Rhodes shoots over Western Texas.



Myron Wright skies for the rebound.



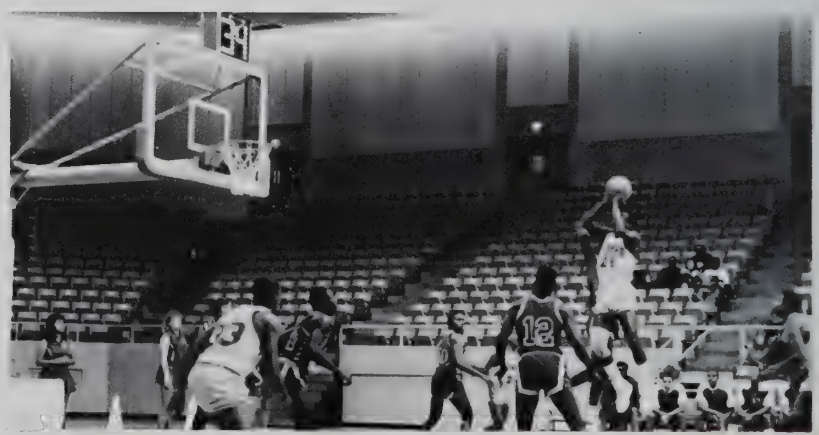
Kevin Bradsher completes the fast break.



Robert Barley tries a dunk.

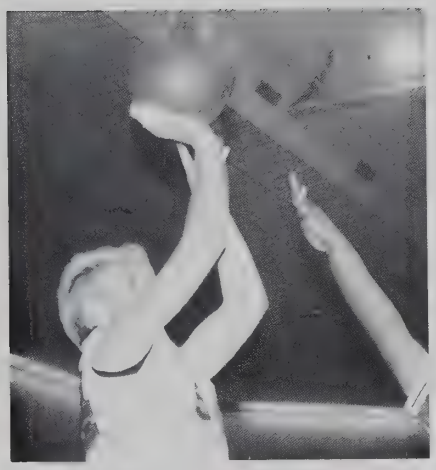


Attempting to rebound, Robert Barley plans his next move.



Kevin Bradsher shows why he was one of the leading scorers in the conference.

Queens Soar In Class And On Court



Carolyn Willandt shoots a jump shot over a defender.



A look at the Queens offense shows Queens' skill.



Stephanie Massie shoots as Carolyn Willandt tries for the rebound.



Carolyn Willandt fights for rebounding position.



Pam Franklin plays tough defense.



Terri Powell gets the rebound as Leslie Gooch waits for the ball.

Hawks Sport Brilliant Season



Joel Chimelis scoops up a grounder.



Juan Rodriquez attempts a pick off.



Juan Rodriquez takes his home run trot.



Chad Baker watches the ball closely.



Joey Camarillo catches an easy fly ball.

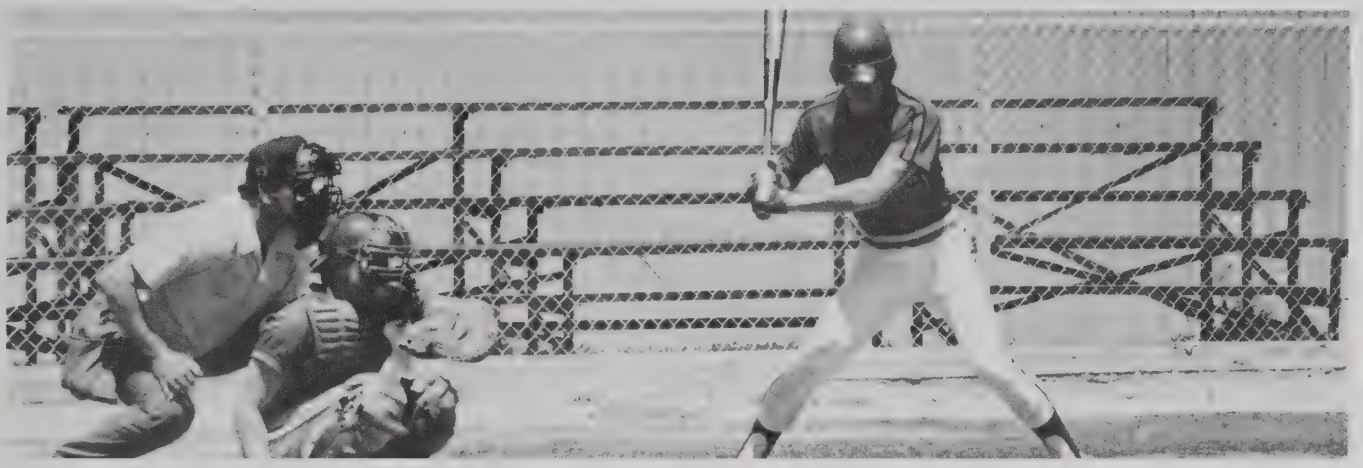
Baseball Fever Grows At Howard College



Juan Rodriquez receives congratulations from teammates after a home run.



Chad Baker gets an easy out.



Chad Baker gets ready for the pitch.



Greg Henry leads a team meeting.



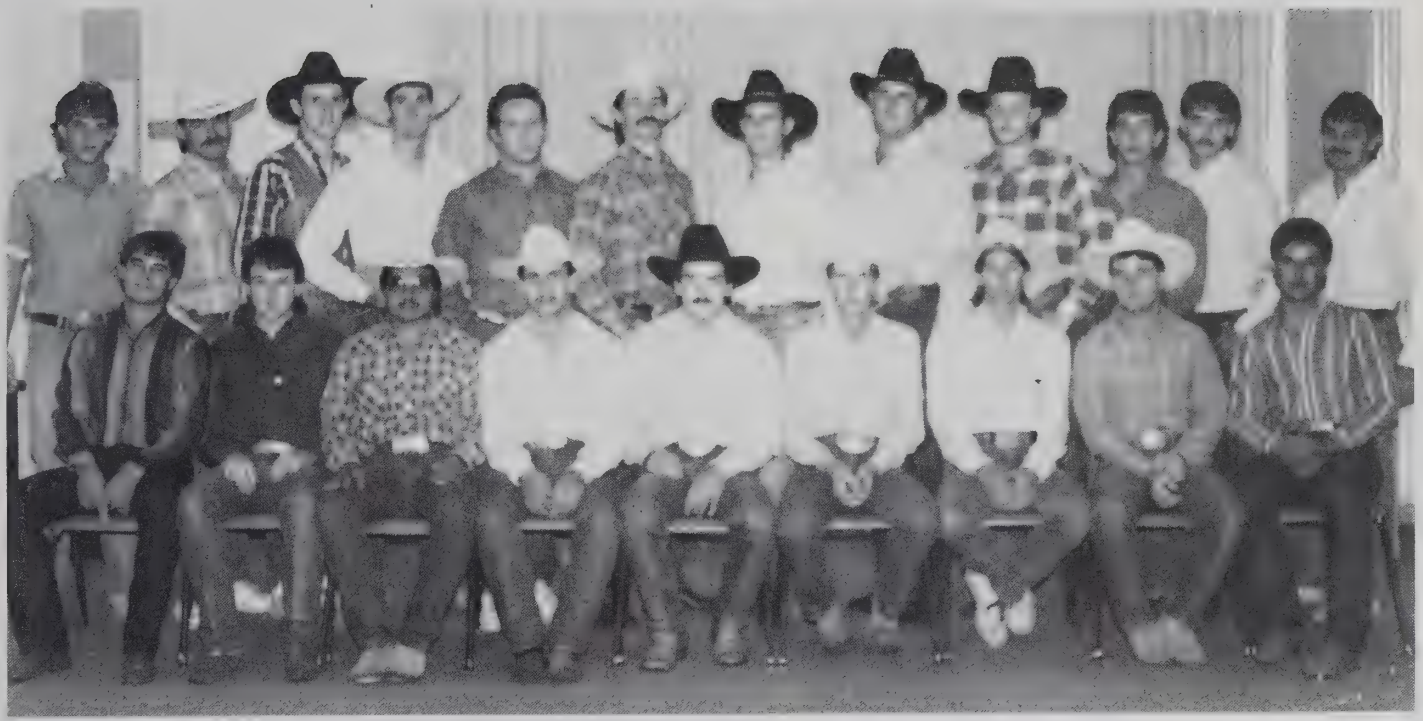
John Medrick warms up for the big pitch.



Hawk Baseball 1987 includes (front, l to r) Laura Reegar, Amanda McKinney, Jeanie Robertson, Eva Fuentez, Sean Beddow, (middle) Ginger Griffin, Thad Weber, Albe Lopez, Perry Shock, Ernesto Castro, Chad Baker, Frank Medina, Doug Staley, Freddie Lopez, Derek Matlock, Joey Camarillo, Jeff Shults, Shelley Hodge, (back) Coach Bi Griffin, Glenn Donnelly, Joel Chimelis, Randy Deel, John Wiles, John Medrick, Juan Rodrigues, Howard Landry, Al Benavides, Mark Hutchinson, Ted Hebert, Philip Kerne Coach Frank Anderson and Coach Greg Henry.

Hawks Play for State Title

Howard College Rodeo ...A Big Success



The Howard College Men's Rodeo Team members are : (top row), Jody Hollingsworth, Ken Berry, R. D. Christian, Matt Peugh, Tom Messick, Bill Berry, Blain Chapman, Brandon Luce, Jeff Leavitt, Richie Bains, Wade Jonson, Jace Green, (Bottom row) Ron Brooks, Ace Thompson, Alonzo Gomez, Graves Wallace, Gary Snokhaus, Toby Reid, Casey Lewis, Casey Strange, and Mike Keith.



The members of the Howard College Women's Rodeo Team are: Shellye Hodge, Connie Eckhardt, Jerre Lynch, Karen Snodgrass, Kim Rankin, Shannon Garrison, and Johnna Puckett.

Howard College Rodeo . . .



Rodeo Coach Dusty Johnson poses for the camera.



Ken Berry shows us how to ride a bronc.



Tom Messick was ranked nationally in the bull riding.



Karen Snodgrass carried the Texas Flag in the opening ceremonies.



Shelley Hodge rounds a barrel in the Howard College Rodeo.

Rodeo Offers Thrills And Chills



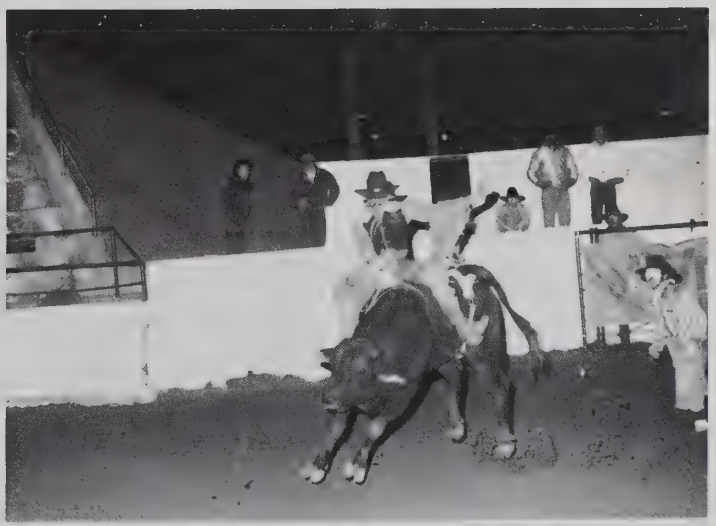
Alonzo Gomez hangs on for eight seconds.



Friends look on as Mike Keith rides the bull.

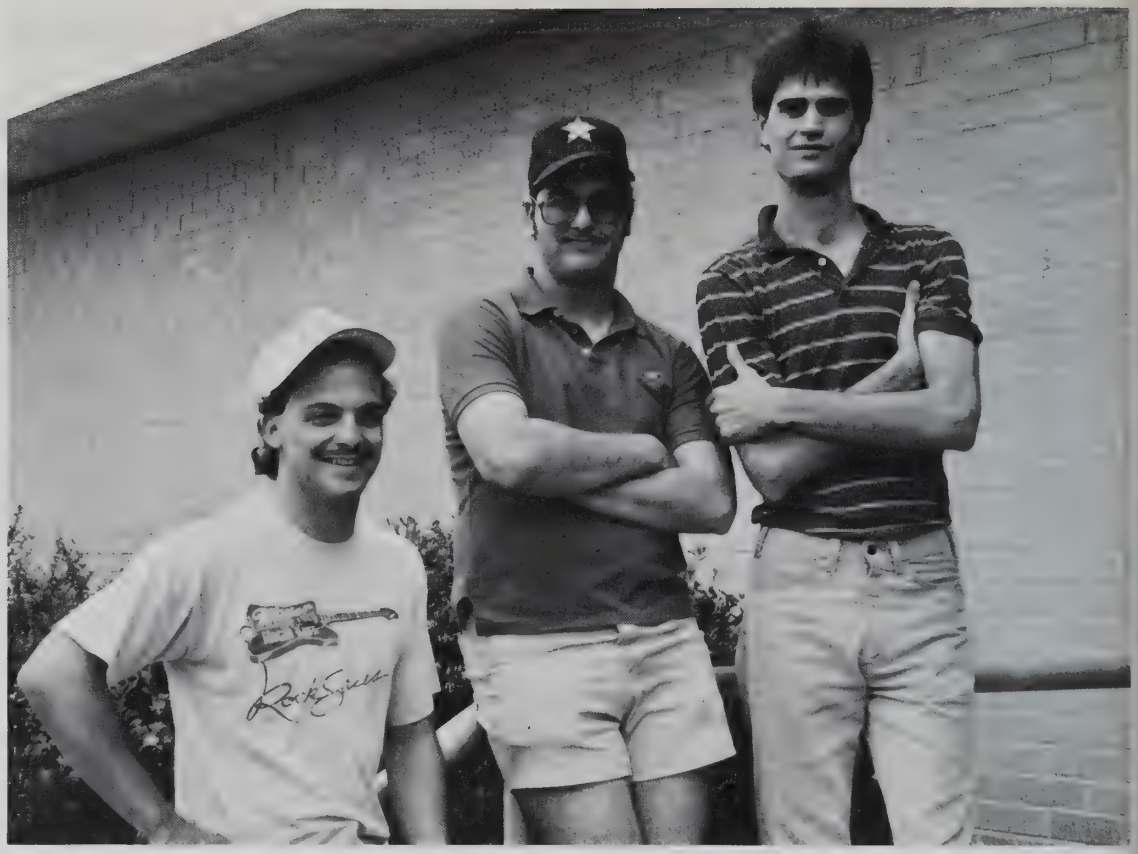


Johnna Puckett cuts it a little close.



Matt Peugh thrills the crowd riding on the edge.

SWCID Athletics Enjoyable and Exciting



Intramural Council members John Russo, Ben Zufall and Ron Roman help coordinate intramural sports.



The SWCID Running Club, Keith Leegood, Ron Gough, Lisa Salazar and Danie Esqueda participated in the Capitol 10,000 in Austin.



Jamas Johnson demonstrates how to be a good leader during a SWCID SGA meeting.

Organizations

SGA Develops Student Activities



Student Government Association members at Howard College are (back row) Lisa Riley, Frank Medina, Freddie Lopez, Collin Carroll, Jeff Shults, Chad Baker, Joey Camarillo, Jimmy Hamilton, Lana Tompkins, (front row) Stephanie Dobbs, Jackie Onick, Shannon Garrison, Jerre Lynch, Shellye Hodge and Kim Rankin.



Freshman representatives for 1987 are Kim Rankin, Lisa Riley, Lana Tompkins, Joey Camarillo, Collin Carroll and Jimmy Hamilton.



Sophomore representatives for 1987 are Freddie Lopez, Jerre Lynch, Frank Medina, Jeff Shults, and Chad Baker.



SGA Officers for 1987 are Stephanie Dobbs, parliamentarian; Shannon Garrison, president; Shellye Hodge, vice-president and Jackie Onick, secretary.



SGA representatives for 1987 are Christine Merkel, Luis Diaz, Brian Mehan and Julio Diaz.

SWCID SGA . . . Campus Leaders



Sophomore class officers are Keith Leegood, treasurer; Dirk Hill, vice-president; Lisa Salazar, president; and Teresa Janice, secretary.

Phi Theta Kappa Members Excel Academically



Phi Theta Kappa members include (front row, l to r) Steve Cox, Terry Campbell, Jerry Freshour, Dennis Churchwell, Victor Coots, Randy Hayworth, Todd East, Thad Weber, Rodney McMillan, (middle row) Johnny Helms, Misty Pinkerton, Gloria Mendez, Anissa Bartee, Terri Powell, Malissia Zapata, Susan King (sponsor), Maria Ramirez, Peggy Johnson, Bonnie Martin, (back row) Dianna Nickal, Annette Henry, Sylvia Justice, Kenny Jones, Traci Wilkerson, Michelle Martinez, Elizabeth Vela, Sean Beddow, Stephanie Dobbs, Dawn Underwood, Lana East, Anna Rodriquez and Gina McCarty.



Sylvia Justice waits in line at Southfork during the trip to the PTK national convention.



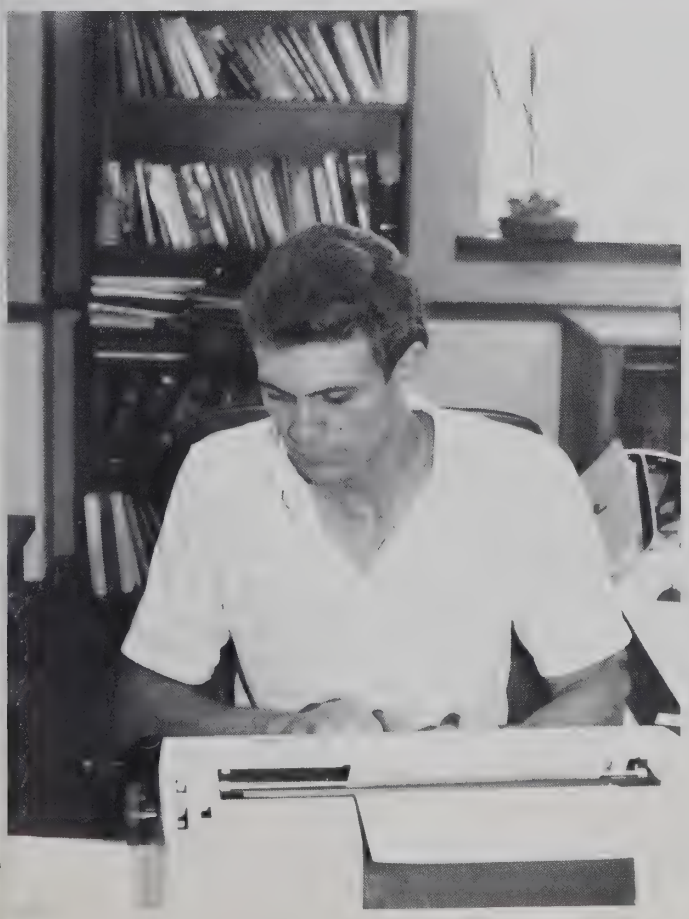
Terri Powell, Susan King and Rodney McMillan look around the grounds at Southfork during the national convention.

PTK Members Attend National Convention in Dallas

Thistles Sponsors Writing/Art Contest



Thistles members include Susan King, sponsor, (seated) Todd East, David Payne, (standing) Lana East and Sylvia Justice.



Thistles editor Todd East puts the finishing touches on the literary section of the yearbook.

Howard College Hawk Cheerleaders . . . No. 1



Cheerleaders for 1986-87 are Rita Uranga, Kim Anding, Pandy Grigg, Roger Stafford,Lisa Riley, Colin Carroll, Jeanie Robertson, Gary Vaughn, and Chandra Wrightsil.



Rita, Pandy, Kim, and Lisa give it their best to cheer the Hawks on to victory.



The HC cheerleaders show their enthusiasm at the Hawk games.



The camera catches smiles from Jeanie, Chandra, and Lisa during a time-out.

Howard College Cheerleaders Keep Spirit Going



Cheerleaders help introduce the starting line-up before the Queens' game.

Baptist Student Union Enjoys Luncheon Fellowship



Chandra Wrightsil and Stefanie Massie fix their meals at a noon meeting.



BSU members include (seated) Chandra Wrightsil, Sandra Smith, Stefanie Massie, (standing) Doris Arcand, Barry Stafford, Darla Witte, Scott Evans and John Sevey.



Discussion at the luncheon meeting included Doris Arcand, Scott Evans, Stefanie Massie and Chandra Wrightsil.

MARIAH Competes at Nationals



MARIAH, the color guard group sponsored by Howard College, competed in the National Competition, finishing fifth.



Holly Auster works with a flag during rehearsal.



The flag line prepares for the final performance.

Licensed Vocational Nursing Program



Members of the 1987 LVN class pose following the pinning ceremony. Class members include (front row, l to r) Jean Morris, R.N. (instructor), Donna Zonghi, Lynda Grantham, Shirley Hart, Debra Coleman, Ramona Harris, R.N. (director), Lupe Zarrga, Linda Hill, Martha Tooke, Luanne McAdams, June Stone, R.N. (instructor), (middle row) T. K. Herrea, Katricia Long, Janna Floyd, Melissa Shifflett, Betty Stone, Concha Holguin, Mark Silen, Roxie Edwards, (back row) Cody Carroll, Louie Smith, Tony Starr, Charlene Starr and June Scroggs.



LVN class members learn bedside techniques.



LVN students learn to take blood pressure.

DENTAL HYGIENE



Dental Hygiene students for 1987 include (front, l to r) Tonya Spence, Amanda McKinney, Elayne Farris, LaDonna Kelley, Kelli Gillespie, (back) Shonda Elliott, Brenda Hamner, Terri Snodgrass, Michelle Skipworth, Laurie Beaty and Dana Russell.



Laurie Beaty, Amanda McKinney and Kelli Gillespie accept the mayoral proclamation for the dental hygiene department.



Dana Russell prepares to clean a patient's teeth.

Dental Hygiene Program Receives Mayoral Proclamation



Layne Farris takes Johnnie Lou Avery's blood pressure before cleaning her teeth.



LaDonna Kelley, Shonda Elliott, Amanda McKinney, Dana Russell and Brenda Hamner show off the cake at the Dental Hygiene party.



Dental Hygiene students include (front, l to r) Trina Whitefield, Janie Hightower, Kathy Madrid, Leigh Ann Sharrock, Mindy Goodman, (back) Rachel Dobbs, Sandie Pierce, Linda Cayce, Bonny Edwards, Debbie Anderson and Anne Vanderslice.

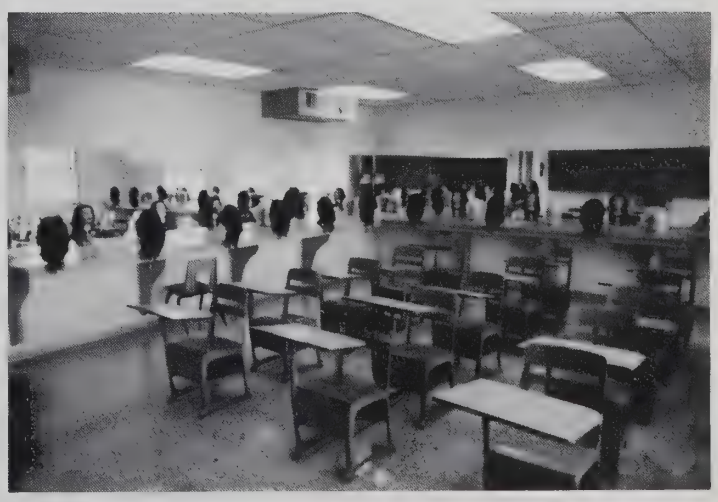
Cosmetology Boasts New Facility



Cosmetology students include (front row l to r) Amparo Tijerina, Dennis Vasseau, Betty DeKeyser, Edward Gonzales, Shannon Pearce, Richard Chadwick, Carol Hoelscher, (back row) Kathy Sloan, Kristi Stevenson, Betty Sutton, Clementine Walker, Mary Mathews, Sharon Deaton, Patricia Boone, Joan Garver, Freda Dominguez, Petra Hernandez and Sue Sanchez.



The new lab offers a station for each student with all the necessary equipment.



The classroom gives the students a place for theory and practice.

Hawk Review Takes New Format



Jonathan Garrett spent many hours in the darkroom getting pictures ready for the yearbook.



Staff members for the 1987 Hawk Review are (seated) Peggy Johnson, Todd East, (standing) Greg Henry, Scott Earnest, Jennifer Salvato, Lana East.

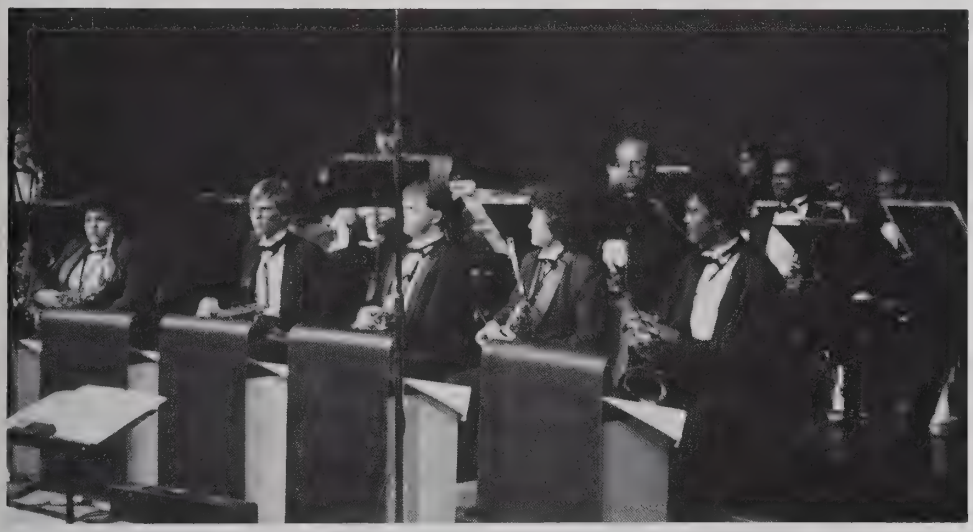


Rodney McMilian illustrated the yearbook and took many photographs.

Red Connection and Nighthawks — Class Acts!



The Red Connection for 1987 are (front, l to r) Kim Anding, Clark Dunnam, Chandra Wrightsil, Sharla Bailey, (back) Molly Thompson, Connie Fritzler, Dianna LeFevre, Crystal Patrick and Pandy Grigg.



Members of the Nighthawks perform at the TJCTA convention in Houston, featuring (left) director Adolph Labbe, Sandra Ortega, Troy Rich, Jay Purser, Bonnie Martin and Jonathan Garrett on saxophone.



Also featured in the Nighthawks are Mark Rubenstein on piano, Doug Stanislaus on percussion and Johnny Saldivar on guitar, Jack Davis on percussion and Alvin McVea on cornet.

Associate Degree Nurses Honored At Capping



ADN students include Kristy Brooks, Dottie Hollingsworth, Dee Ann Carroll, Jon Ballentine, Rosemary Hunter, Lana Insel, Marilyn Mason, Kay Taylor, Elaine Smith, Valentina Molina, Gwen Smith, Janie Villa, Barbara Morgan, Carrie Sanderson, Kay Henderson, and Sharon West.



ADN instructor Connie Boyd pins Debra Guinn at the annual capping ceremony.



Other ADN students include Jo Williams, Brenda Fuller, Sabrina Ward, Deborah Watkins, Debra Guinn, Charlotte Wright, Sharon Walker, Olga Herrera, Annette Hodnett, Susie Musgrave, Lorena Ontiveros, Jo Ann Parker, Judy Robertson, Orvel Oringderff and Carol Jo Reyes.



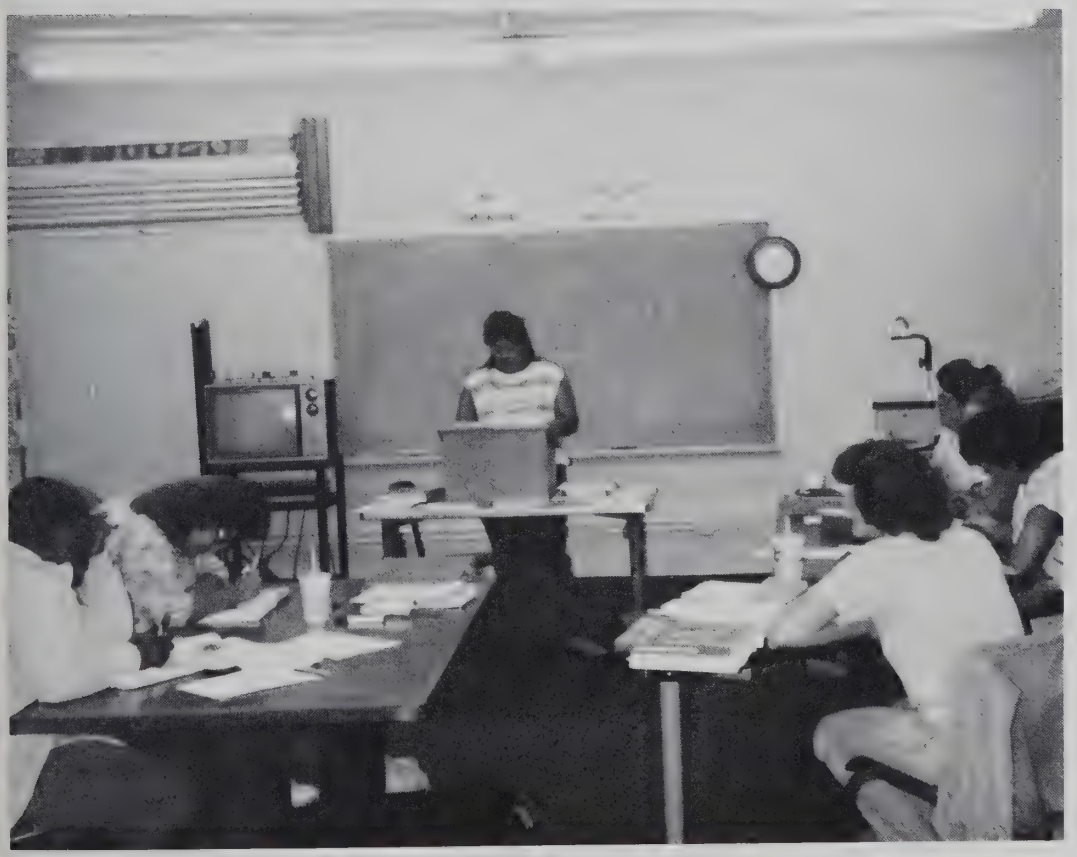
ADN student Sharon Walker speaks at the capping ceremony.



Howard College at Lamesa offers comfortable facilities.



Jody Furlow, secretary at Lamesa, keeps the campus running smoothly.



Cynthia Hill works with the Licensed Vocational Nursing Program.

Lamesa Campus Provides Quality Education



Lamesa offers a Cosmetology program.



Continuing Education classes at Lamesa feature Karate for children.



Classes on the Lamesa campus offer a variety of activities.



Cosmetology offers students a chance to learn to give perms.

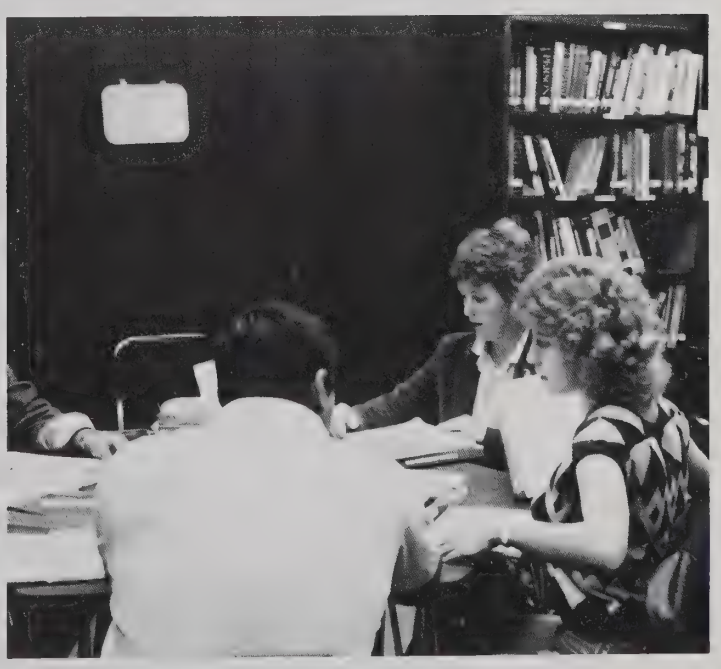
Del Rio Campus Provides Nursing Programs



Mary Parish and Jackie O'Donnell speak with students at registration.



ADN students study between classes.



Students discuss homework during break time.

Del Rio Students Strive For Excellence



Secretary of Del Rio campus, Linda Juarez, keeps things running smoothly.



Students register for upcoming classes.



Nursing students relax before going to class.

San Angelo Campus Moves to New Building



San Angelo Mayor Pro-Tem Carline Tucker cuts the ribbon for the new San Angelo campus facilities as Dr. Bob Riley assists.



Looking at the new nursing labs are Judy Smidt, Barbara Holdampf, Charla Lewis, Dr. Alice Haynes, Cynthia Hill, Billy Robinson and Jackie Hartgrove.

San Angelo Campus Offers Variety to Students



The San Angelo campus features an LVN program.



Director of the San Angelo campus is Rod Sternard.



Supporters of the campus who attended the open house include John Kalaitzes, John Kouvelis, Dr. James Womack and Georgia Dugan.



HC instructors, Barbara Brumley and Dusty Johnston, help with Luminaria.

Personnel

Board of Trustees Guides The District



HCJCD Board of Trustees include (l. to r.), Dr. Charles Warren, Dr. P. W. Malone, Curtis Mullins, Harold Davis, Donald McKinney, and James Barr.

Dr. Bob Riley Provides Outstanding Leadership



Dr. Bob Riley serves as President of the HCJCD.



Dr. Bob Riley relaxes after a long day at work.

Administrative Council Sets College Direction



Members of the administrative council are (back, l. to r.), Terry Hansen, Ron Brasel, Dr. Bob Mehan, (front) Dr. Cheri Sparks, Dr. Bob Riley, and Dr. Mary Dudley.



Dr. Bob Riley and Terry Hansen accept a check from the district insurance representatives.



Dr. Bob Riley, Terry Hansen, and Jerry Dudley visit following a seminar on campus.



Dr. Bob Riley and Dr. Cheri Sparks attend the opening of the new San Angelo campus.

Faculty Aids Students In Pursuit of Knowledge



Members of the Business Division are (front, l. to r.), Lila Atkins, Doris Huibregtse, Barbara Brumley, (back) Gayla Williams, Shawn Shreves, and Mary Deats.



Members of the Math-Science Division are (back, l. to r.) Dusty Johnston, Paul Ausmus, (front) Debbie Gilliam, and Lynn Walling.



Members of the Occupational Division are Joe Rhodes, Ken Houston, and Dee Highley.

Faculty Offers Varied Educational Opportunities . . .



Members of the Humanities Division are (front, l to r), Dr. Mary Bailey, Anita Booth, Susan King, (back) Larry Reese, Gary Grant, Dr. Mary Dudley, and David King.



Dr. Mary Dudley takes a break from her busy schedule.



Members of the Fine Arts division are Becky Smiley, Bill Doll, and Adolph Labbe.

. . . HC Students Gain Exceptional Experience



Members of the PE Division are (front, l to r) Gloria Petterson, Debbie Churchwell, (back) Larry Brown, Jerry Dudley, and Frank Anderson.



Gloria Petterson remains busy although her picture is being taken.



Assistant Baseball Coach Frank Anderson takes a break from his athletic training program.

HC Staff Boasts Variety and Excellence



The Cosmostology Division includes Janice Blassingame and Judy Schmidt.



The LVN Department includes Ramona Harris, June Stone and (not pictured) Jean Morris.



Instructors in the ADN department are Connie Boyd, Izola Dixon-Floyd, and Sandra Swick.



Members of the Dental Hygiene Division are Carolyn Sedinger, Dr. Alice Haynes and Anne Waite-Foster.

SWCID Staff Strives For Distinction



Members of the SCWID faculty are (front, l. to r.) Danny Campbell, Larry Boyd, Dick Covell, Sherman Harper, Brian Rasmus, Michael Cheuing, (back) Helene Bonura, Wilma Evans, Bea Burke, Sandra Rasmus, Leslie Earnest, Betty Clere, Minnie Mae Wilding, Liz Wolter, and Pat Jones.



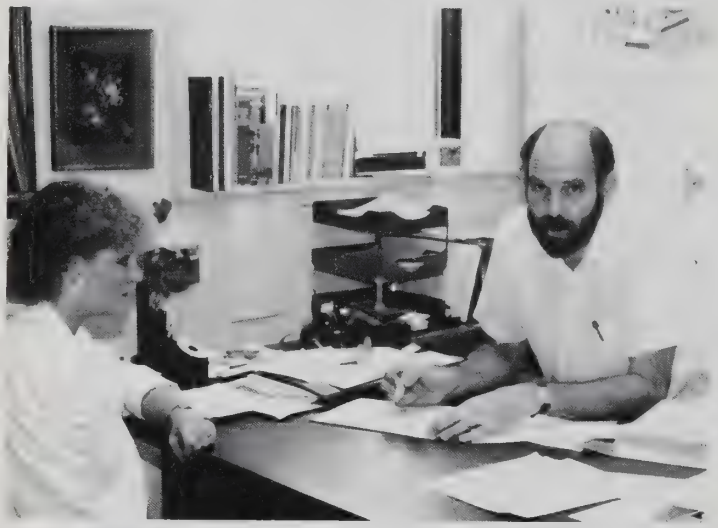
Other SCWID personnel are (front, l. to r.) Diane Linhart, Bob Coltrane, Walker Estes, Tom Arcand, Ron Gough, Glen Carrigan, (back) Elizabeth Estes, Joy Roberts, Deb Covell, Tamara Kahler, Renee Barraza, Melody Davis, Jennie Carmichael, Karen Bearden, Pam Campbell, Delores Erlandson, Beci Amstutz, and Shelia Dyer.



Business office personnel (seated) Mary Kennemur and Kaye Wylie assist Lea Whitehead and Julia Trevino with a problem.



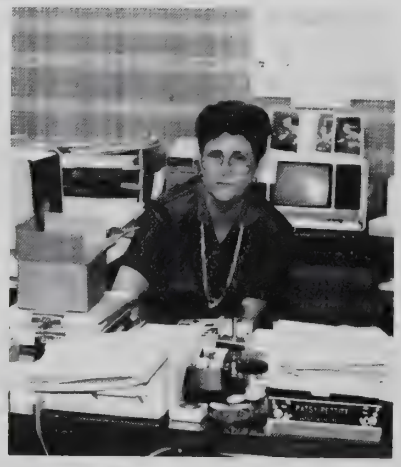
Dean Kraus and Dana Schafer, admissions office, prepare for registration.



Harvey Rothell, Dean of Counseling and Guidance, assists a student with scheduling.



Bill Griffin, Dean of Students, prepares to handle a discipline problem.



Patsy Pettit, administrative secretary, gives out another purchase order number.



Charlene Wooldridge, admissions, prepares the state report.



Jan Dunagan, registrar, figures contac hours.



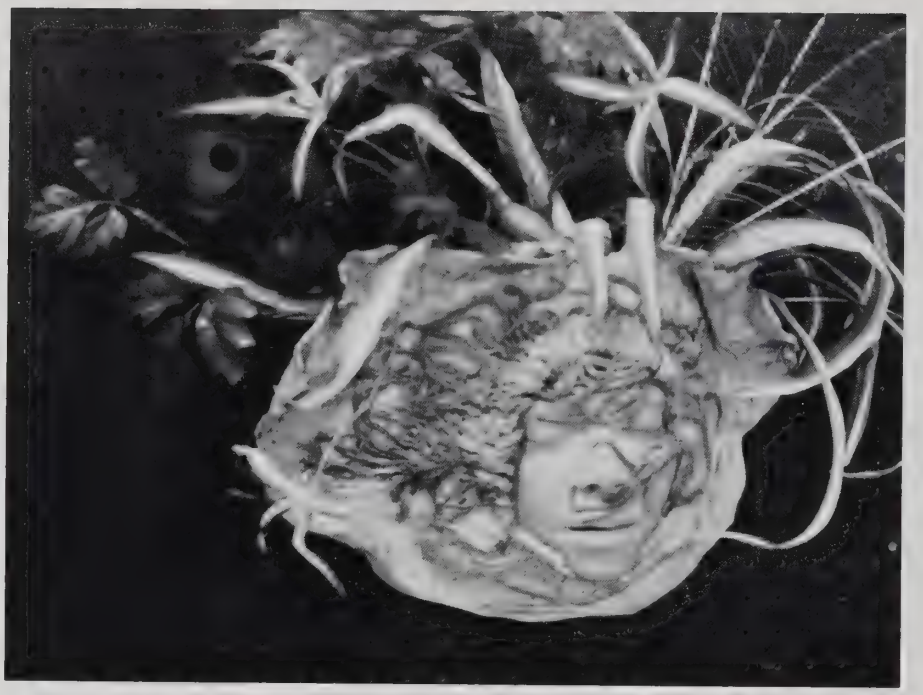
Barbara Holdampf, Dean of Occupa tional/Vocational Education, speaks at the capping ceremony.



Literary

The Hawk Review Presents

THISTLES



Best of Show — Cinda Stanley — "Solitude"

THISTLES is organized by members of Thistles, a writer's club. THISTLES reflects the literary and artistic pursuits of the student body, areas which Howard College has always supported and will continue to support. The editor of THISTLES for 1987 is Todd East. Members of his staff are Sylvia Justice, Dianna LeFevre, Lana East and David Payne. Sponsor for the group is Mrs. Susan King, who keeps THISTLES as an opportunity for students to share their talents year after year. A special thanks to Becky Smiley who spends a great deal of time organizing the annual art show. Most of all, the greatest thanks goes to those students who contributed their talents to make THISTLES possible.

It's Valentine's Day

Todd East

AND ON THIS VERY SPECIAL DAY,
I WANT SOMETHING PERSONAL FOR MY HONEY;
BUT BEAUTIFUL GIFTS ARE HARD TO COME BY
WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A LOT OF MONEY.
BUT IT'S NOT THE PRICE THAT MAKES IT UNIQUE,
FOR THIS I'VE COME TO SEE.
THE ONLY WAY I CAN MAKE IT SPECIAL,
IS TO GET IT FROM INSIDE OF ME.
I SEARCHED SO VERY DESPERATELY —
BUT THERE WAS JUST NOTHING I COULD FIND;
UNTIL I SAW THE CANDLE,
AND THIS POEM CAME INTO MIND.
SO ONCE AGAIN I'LL EXPRESS MYSELF
THE WAY I OFTEN DO —
I'LL WRITE A VERSE ABOUT THE CANDLE,
AND I'LL WRITE IT JUST FOR YOU.
THIS SEEMS JUST LIKE A PLAIN OL' CANDLE,
BUT IT'S REALLY MUCH MUCH MORE.
IT'S A SYMBOL OF MY LOVE FOR YOU,
THAT TOGETHER WE ADORE.
THE STICK IS MY FOUNDATION —
THAT TOGETHER OUR LOVE HAS MADE WHOLE.
THE FLAME STANDS FOR MY LOVE FOR YOU
THAT BURNS WITHIN MY SOUL.
AND REMEMBER THIS: THAT EVERY TIME YOU
BURN THE CANDLE, IN NEED OR IN PLEASURE;
THE FLAME IS A SYMBOL OF MY LOVE,
THAT YOU AND I SO TREASURE.
AND WHEN THE CANDLE HAS MELTED DOWN —
AND THE FLAME YOU NO LONGER SEE,
DON'T WORRY — FOR THE FLAME
WILL LAST FOREVER, IN ETERNITY.





FREEDOM IS NOT LOST

This world of ours is not old,
And everyman's existence is not known
We can give to this world or take
But ask for peace for our children's sake.

We hold the power to destroy.
The game the leaders play is coy,
But their mistake can cause destruction.
Once the world is lost it can't be reconstructed.

Why do they take part in this holocaust?
Stop building weapons and stop paying the cost,
But the truth is and they know
That the people's chance of freedom is not lost.

The super powers want to control,
They are not happy with what they hold.
Power beyond grasp they seek,
But what will happen when they reach this peak?

Freedom is bought with ancestorial blood,
But do people know of this in Russia?
No one knows just who is to blame
This is history's fault and that's a shame

No one can stop nuclear war,
But maybe it can be prevented.
The people beg "Don't hurt our children.
And precious gift of life God has given."

Why do they take part in this holocaust?
Stop building weapons and stop paying the cost,
But the truth is and they know
That the people's chance of freedom is not lost.

War is all around these countries.
Does the loser stay or does he leave?
What's hidden behind the Iron Curtain?
Only one person knows and this is uncertain.

Malissia Zapata

Of Crimson Red

On a hill stood a tree, from it Dripped, Droplets of crimson red.

As bound to its limbs was a Mighty man.

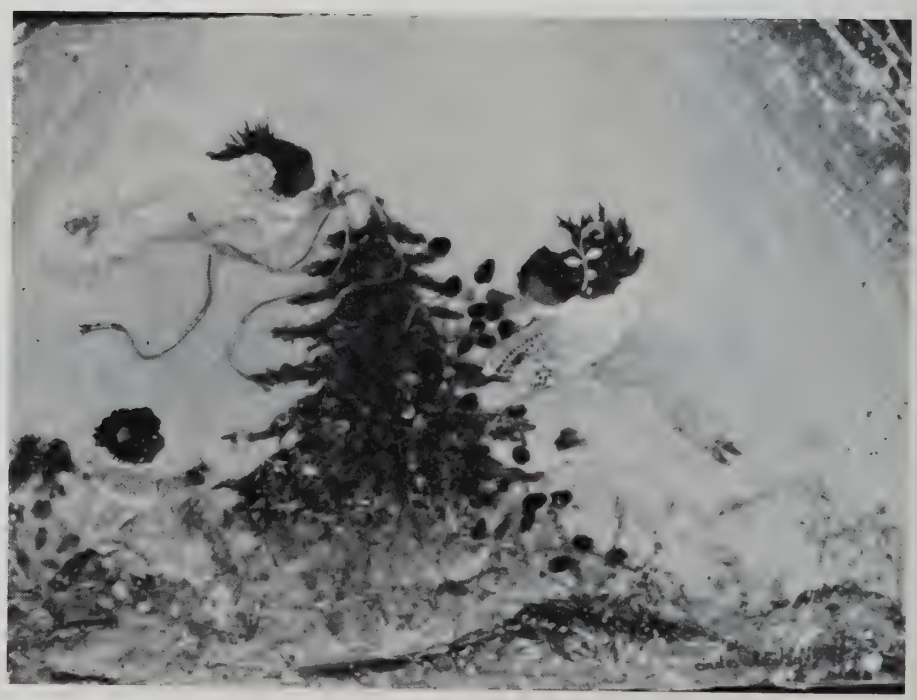
As through his hands and feet, had been driven spikes of cold sinful steel, leaving wounds from which dripped forth these Droplets of crimson red.

And upon this man's head was placed a crown, of thistle and thorn, leaving flesh ripped and torn.

And then with blurred eyes this Mighty man looked to the sky,
and with a boundless love cried out, "Father forgive them,
for they know not what they Do," and then he closed his eyes;
and with a rolling thunder, and a trembling ground,
life left his flesh-torn brow.

Yea, though from his Death, soon sprang forth life, Everlasting Life,
for man everyone.
Life given forth from a shower of love.
A shower from overhead of Crimson Red.

DAVID PAYNE



Cinda Stanley

Prayer of a New Christian

Dear Jesus gentle shepherd

Keeper of the lambs

Guide these faltering footsteps

Weak and unsure I am.

Thou who didst see me wandering

In the depths of sin

With gentle arms wide open

Reached down and took me in.

You said, all is forgiven

and opened wide the door

To blessed peace and happiness

Which I'd never known before.

Thou who didst feed the multitude

Supply my every need

Let me not stray from thee

In mind, in heart or deed.

Lead me ever closer

Along life's way with thee

Let nothing come between us

Until thy face I see. Amen.

Sylvia Justice



Cinda Stanley



Linda Rupard

Tears of a Clown

I wear a smile when I go out
For all the world to see
I would not want it otherwise
so please don't pity me.

I'm like the funny circus clown
With his grotesque painted grin
The person the world sees each day
Is the one I've never been.

The tears inside this circus clown
Will never reach my eyes
But deep inside where no one sees
This clown breaks down and cries

I cry for things long gone now
and what has never been
I cry for that is to come
for love I cannot win.

But I wear a smile when I go out
So the world will never know
The many tears inside this clown
I'm afraid to let them show.

Sylvia Justice

Butterflies

I've often envied the feelings
of the butterfly so free
Soaring high above the earth
the way I long to be.

Trapped under glass, forever still
I saw one in a shop today
I felt a kinship with it there
as I turned and walked away.

We both are trapped, just specimens
and both long to be free
The butterfly to soar once more
and I just to be me.

But like that pretty butterfly
I've no chance to be free
Commitments made long long ago
the glass which now imprisons me.

Sylvia Justice



Joyce Dixon

A Son Named DJ

He touched us and his laughter

Made our home a happy place

He touched us and his fairness

Made life easier to face.

He touched us and his caring

Made us feel less alone

He touched and his courage

Made us proud to call him son.

He touched us seeking wisdom

Which made us more aware

He touched us and through his eyes

We saw beauty everywhere.

He touched and his patience

Made us more patient too.

He touched and his insight

Gave us a different view.

He touched and his dying

Left us crying, full of sorrow

He touched and his memory

Gives us strength to face tomorrow.

Sylvia Justice



Sheree Moates



Joyce Dixon

LIFE IS

Life is a series of mountains to climb
Valleys to walk through
Dark clouds, warm sunshine.

It's made up of loving, forgiving, beginning
losing, starting over, hating and winning
a mixture of laughter sprinkled with tears
memories to treasure courage and fears
a puzzle with pieces which fall into place
cold harsh reality at times hard to face
a challenge a burden a gift from above
a worth while adventure a lesson in love.

Sylvia Justice

Memories In White

By Lia MacMillan



Sheree Moates

How much longer could it go on? The snowstorm had been raging outside the car for twelve hours now. When would someone find me? Surely someone would bump into my car eventually, stalled in the middle of the road on Interstate 80. How could anyone miss me even if it was the most isolated part of the highway? There was bound to be many others like me trapped in their cars in the white-out and a highway rescue would be started. When would they come; in an hour, two, three, or four?

It seemed like only a short while ago I had been driving down Interstate 80 to Lake Tahoe, California to pick up my two sons and my baby daughter at my sister's house. Cathy picked up the children from day-care and kept an eye on them until I got home from work across the border in Nevada. I was only five miles out of Nevada when the white-out struck. It was as if someone had suddenly poured a box of laundry detergent into a fan. The snow swirled out of nowhere, whipping into the windshield and collecting there. The windshield wipers beat at the growing mound, but to no avail and soon they became overpowered by the weight of the snow. The thicker and faster it fell in whirling circles, the slower the car creeped forward on the barely visible road. Panic gripped me with sharp talons as the life sputtered out of my car. The engine choked to death with white snow. I watched helplessly as the

swirling white flakes
cold and silent
blanketed the earth
with cold white death.

It was a terrifying feeling to be peering into nothing. I felt like someone had taped white construction paper to my windows and then had asked which way was left. My sense of direction had been obliterated in less than five minutes. I could no longer remember in which direction the car was facing, so I was not about to get out and walk for help; it was better to sit and wait for help to find me. It could not be long now.

It did not take long for the snow to find its way into the car. I began stuffing the morning paper I had taken to work into the sides of the doors and windows. I could not keep up with the mini-drifts of snow collecting around the gas pedal, as soon as I stuffed newspaper into one drafty crack, another drift of powdery snow would appear like

spilled sugar
sifting gently
across the floor
becoming sticky in the cold.

What heat that had been in the car before it stalled had evaporated into nothing and the freezing air stung my nose and lungs with every breath. Clad only in my tweed business suit, I hugged my knees tightly to my chest to conserve heat. It was so cold, bone chilling cold. I did not remember falling asleep, but when I awoke there was an unearthly darkness surrounding the car. The silence was so loud it hurt my ears. Night had fallen. My watch said 11:30 p.m. or was it 12:30 a.m.? I could not tell as the digital numbers kept blurring together.

Fumbling with wooden fingers in glove compartment, I found the flashlight my husband used for changing tires in the dark. I switched it on. Instead of the blinding white light that usually emanated from it, only a dull yellow glow came forth. Even with what little light there was, it was somehow comforting. I pulled some business papers out of my briefcase and began to read, trying to get my mind off the numbness creeping, inching its way up both my legs and left arm.

The pain throbbed
pulsed and then
became an intolerable
numbness.

My eyes felt dry and heavy with cold. Why did the paragraph I was reading not make sense? It had a minute ago, but now the words were all jumbled together.

"My purse!"

"Someone has stolen my purse."

My mind screamed or had I screamed out loud? Why did nothing make sense? The cold, the wretched cold. It is so cold and my eyes felt

heavier than ever.

"What was That?"

Scraping sounds on the car.

"They have found me!"

"I am going home now, the children are waiting for me."

"There is a car waiting for me?"

"Why, thank you, you policemen are always so kind and considerate in an emergency."

"Cathy, boys, my little Michele, I am home!"

"Thank God, you have a fire going, Cathy."

"I was nearly frozen stiff before the rescue squad found my car."

"Come boys, snuggle next to Mom in front of the fire, it is so lovely and warm."

"Does it not feel good to have the heat licking at your toes and making your cheeks rosy?"

"Drink your hot chocolate, Michele, that is the way to hold the cup, with both hands, good girl."

"It is just like Christmas, huh, Cathy?"

"What? I cannot hear you."

The next morning the highway rescue squad found a thirty-six year old woman frozen to death in her car, on Interstate 80. A fine layer of snow completely covered the woman and the wallet spread out on her lap. The captain of the rescue squad lifted the wallet and blew the snow from the picture it contained. The picture showed the smiling faces of three small children sitting with the woman in front of a blazing fireplace with a Christmas tree in the background. He glanced at the frozen woman. A contented smile was fixed upon her blue lips. Memories in white he thought, and closed the car door gently.



Carolyn Sedinger

My Sons

I carried you beneath my heart
My love grew as you grew
Then you were born and in my arms
I also carried you.

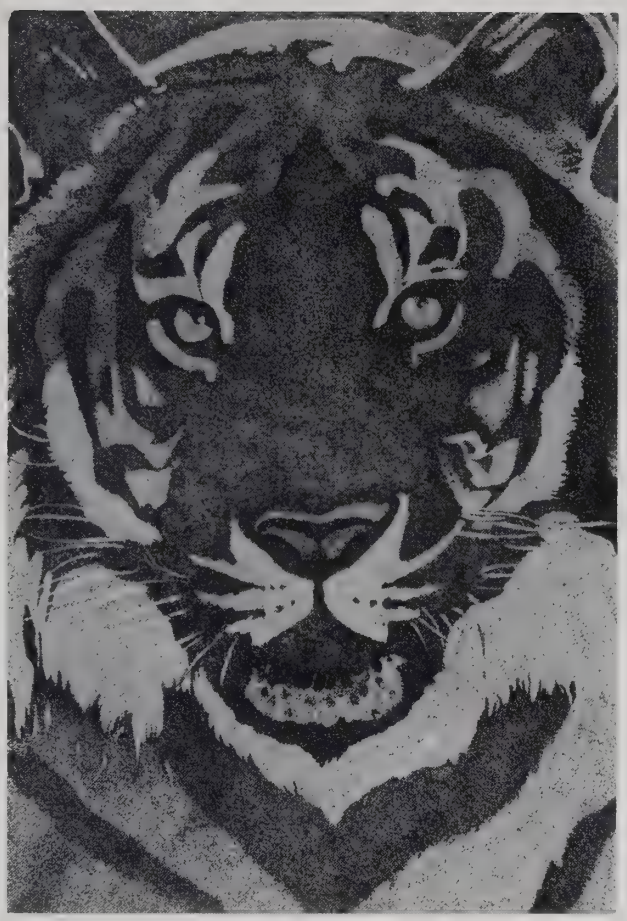
And as you grew I let you go
That's a part of loving, too
Sometimes it seems the hardest thing
I've ever had to do.

Now in my heart I carry you
and in my heart you'll stay
My grown-up sons, so far from home
I love you more each day.

Sylvia Justice



Sheree Moates



Richard Wrezinski

TRAPPED

Cages, always cages

in my mind

I'm trapped behind

these questions

No answers can

I find.

Jumbled thoughts

Seeking escape

Trapped forever stay

Freedom seems so close

and yet, so very

Far away.

It's dark, a frightening

darkness

Colors black are all

I see

Trapped within these cages

My mind longs to be free.

Blind, I'm going blind

here

In these cages in my mind

like a mouse lost

in a maze

I seek answers

I can't find.

Sylvia Justice

Thanks for the Memory

He said, "You do not fit into my plans

I'm happy just the way I am

A brief encounter just a fling

to me it did not mean a thing."

She said, "I'm sorry that we have to part

I'll hold you close within my heart

But love is blind I did not see

how much I let you mean to me."

He said, "You're old enough you should have learned

if you play with fire you might get burned

it didn't mean a thing to me

but I thank you for the memory."

She said, "We took a chance we risked it all

we soared so high we had to fall

it meant an awfully lot to me

and I thank you for the memory."

Sylvia Justice



Carolyn Sedinger

There Is A God

There is no God

Yet robins build

Their nest each spring

And sing to me in

Early morn.

I know God's hand is there.

There is no God

But look out at

The warm green earth

In spring, the season

of rebirth,

I know God's hand is there.

There is no God

Then loved ones gone

Are lost forever,

We'll meet no more

They do not Wait

On distant shore

Safe in God's loving hands.

Sylvia Justice



CINDA STANLEY



AMY CHRISTENSEN

Nocturnal Suite

I'm looking for someone

But will it be you?

I'm finishing something

But what did I do?

I glance at the ceiling,

I gaze at the floor,

I'm fighting for someone,

I'm looking for more.

I stroll through the subway

The punks paint the walls

I'm in a cathedral

A voice fills the halls.

I kneel at the altar

I sit in the chair

I'm searching for someone

There's nobody there.

And the nights locked up in memory
The moments that we shared
The time we spent together
The answer to our prayers
And though you're gone (maybe forever)
I know you'll never meet
Another strong endeavor
Like our own Nocturnal Suite.

Death in the world
I turn the other way.
The President at the summit
Does he have something to say?
Long narrow walk
A nuclear grass
The question is
Will this world last?

You may see these things as nonsense.
Either you're wrong or you're right
But look deeper beyond the words
And find meaning darker than night.

Walking thru rooms
But what was I seeing?
The doctor of my physical
Didn't know what I was feeling.
Driving in cars
With a lacmaralperson
Now being alone
This problem might worsen.

I look through the window
But what do I see?
I stare at the mirror
But can that be me?
I'm blinded by madness
Afraid of it all
I'm lost in forever
I catch the fall.

These lines I think are not nonsense
You say I'm wrong but I may be right.
But there's something lurking behind my words

Malissia Zapata

Deadly Problem

by Malissia Zapata

While sitting in the waiting room, Leslie gazed around the room at various things. Her brown eyes scanned the pictures on the wall. She was trying hard not to worry about her problems. She sat in the room with three other women. Most of the ladies were in their twenties or thirties. She was young enough to be their daughter. As Leslie read through the magazine, she tried not to think of Andy.

Six months ago she had met Andy. He was tall, with green eyes, light-brown hair, and well-tanned. Leslie had met Andy strictly by accident. She had been on her way to Algebra when they collided into each other. Leslie had noticed Andy before, although he had not noticed her. He had been so nice to her that day.

After Algebra class Andy had been waiting for her, they had talked while he walked her to her next class. He had asked her for her phone number and said he would call her. A week had passed and Leslie still had not heard from Andy. She had been so sure that he had liked her.

When he had finally called, he had asked her for a date. After their first date, they had started dating each other regularly. Neither Leslie nor Andy had been dating other people. She had not expected things to get so serious so soon.

Last week she had taken a home pregnancy test. The test had come out with a positive result. She had not discussed this with anyone. When she had finally told Andy about the test, he had refused to believe her. He told Leslie he did not want her to blame him for this and to leave him alone. Leslie was so upset that she had gone home and cried the whole day. Later that day she called Dr. Walters and made an appointment to see him.

Looking around at the other women Leslie felt upset. "Don't cry," she said to herself. She felt so sick and embarrassed. She felt as if the whole office was staring at her. No one could tell, she was pregnant. She really had not gained any weight. She still looked like your average-sized, brown-haired teenager.

"Miss Tyler, the doctor will see you now." Leslie followed the nurse into the office. "Is this your first time here, Miss Tyler?"

"Yes," Leslie replied.

"I will need you to fill out these papers," the nurse stated.

After taking the necessary tests, Leslie sat in the doctor's office.

"Miss Tyler, I know you must feel tense and scared, but the best advice I can give you is to be honest with me."

"Yes, I understand, Doctor."

"Now, have you spoken to anyone about this?"

"No, well, just my boyfriend. I cannot tell my mother. I do not know if I can handle her hostility. I am so scared that she will hate me. I really do not want to hurt her."

"Have you made any plans regarding this baby? It is a great responsibility."

"No, I have not made plans, but am I doing fine?"

"Yes, I will need to see you again in a month. Tell the nurse to make an appointment for you."

As Leslie walked out of the office she started crying. How could she ever tell her mother. She knew she could not have the baby; and yet, she could not harm the baby. It was too painful to think about such a thing. She would have to confront Andy again. What would she say to him?

"Andy, this is your baby. You should take some responsibility."

She did not want to force Andy into a marriage that neither one of them really wanted.

When she arrived home, she went to her room to call Andy.

"Andy, we need to see each other and talk."

"Leslie, I am sorry about the other day. I know I should not have treated you that way. I love you," he replied.

"I'll meet you at the park in an hour," Leslie said. Hanging up the phone, she felt depressed. Andy had been nice about the situation, maybe he had been scared the last time.

As Leslie drove up to the park, she saw Andy on a park bench. He waved and smiled at her. Walking towards him Leslie felt apprehensive. A baby would be a great responsibility. She was not prepared to be a mother yet.

"Hi, Andy. How have you been?" she asked.

"Fine. How are you? Have you been to the doctor?" Andy asked.

"Yes, I went earlier today. The test came out positive. What are we going to do?"

"The only solution is for you not to have the baby. I cannot marry you or give you any financial support. I am graduating this year. I have plans to go to college. I cannot be tied down to a baby or a wife. Please, Leslie, stop crying."

"I hate you," she yelled, wiping her eyes. "I just want you to know that whatever I decide will not conflict your life in any way. I have to go now. You really are a selfish and sorry excuse for a person."

Leslie rose from the bench and walked towards her car. The tears were now streaming down her face. She could not believe she had been such a fool. Life was so unfair.

After she arrived home, Leslie went to the bathroom. The cabinet was full of various pills. She grabbed a handful and went to her room.

"I have no other choice," she thought. She took the pills and laid down on her bed.

"I hope I made the right decision. I know I should have told mom, but I could not disappoint her like that."

As darkness enclosed her, Leslie felt a relief. A tear ran down her cheek. She would never see the baby. It never had the chance to live. She then fell asleep not knowing the problems she left behind.



Amy Christensen

The Fate of the Laura Lye

Her name was the *Laura Lye.*
She was a fast, sleek ship, a freighter.
Laden with molasses and rum and a crew of a hundred:
her destination: the West Indies.

But alas, her destiny most ill-fated.

It was early fall, when she set sail on an August afternoon.
Everything was going well just as planned,
the weather fair, the sea calm.
The vessel left dock and headed out to sea.
Several days passed by and with a good wind in her sails,
she moved along with graceful ease.
The men were full of good cheer and joyful song.
Or they were until one calm, peaceful afternoon,
a loud voice cried out "Damn the sea, and all who sail her."

It was the captain: Drunken again.
Again and again the captain's verse was heard,
as he shouted it into the wind.
And then: as if the wind had carried his damnable verse
to the depth of the sea,
so came the sea's reply.

When all of a sudden the sky grew dark and ominous,
the wind now blew up a squall, and the sea began to swell,
and the vessel began to toss and roll in the heavy waves.

The men ran about shouting orders,
"bring in the sails", "fasten down the rigging",
"Secure that line" on and on this fight against the weather
went until came a bright flash and a loud "crack-snap"
as lightning struck the main mast splitting it half in two.

And the man who was still in the crow's nest now fell,
his body burned to the bone.
He was the first to go, but not the last.

No, not last, for the wind blew harder the sea arose even more.
And then "rip" went a sail and another man from the riggings
fell, and another, and still another.

The angry sea began to wash over the deck,
again and again taking a man with each wave
until nary a man was left.
And then with a final squall
shrilling out through the wind's wild roar
came a final massive wave
and the ship tossed and rolled over on her side
and sank beneath the raging sea,
silencing forever the cries of a hundred men;
the crew of the *Laura Lye.*

Then as quickly as the storm blew in
so did it settle down;
the wind became soft and slow,
the sea as calm and smooth as glass
the cloud darkened sky gave way to the bright sun.

All as if no storm at all had been amiss,
save for the fact that *Laura Lye* now on the bottom did
lie, with her crew.

Cursed by an angry sea or that of a drunken captain's
foolish cry.

David Payne



SHARON SIMONEK

Tears softly falling,
My heart is full of longing
For my island home.

Lia MacMillan



OYE

Oye, Youth is short
Oye, let the children play.
Oye, let them play.

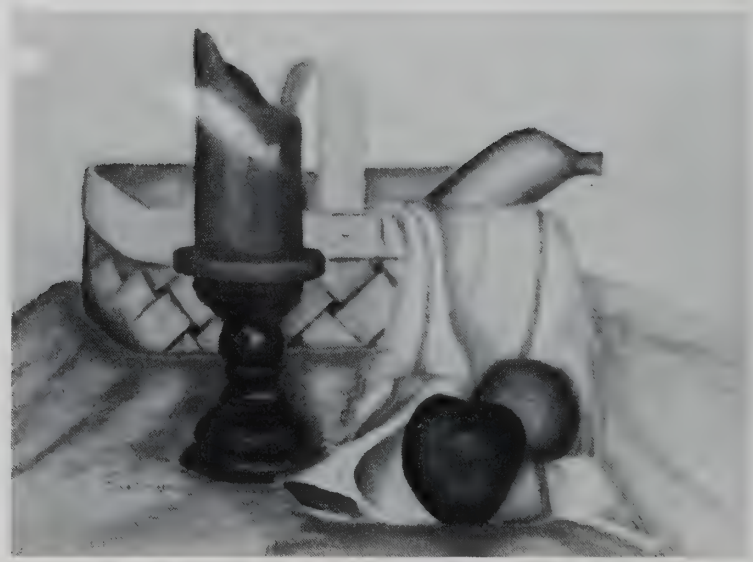
REAPER

two eyes from the east
it's an angel or the beast
don't fear the reaper

Johnny Saldivar

The deaf can't heart it.
The blind will never see it.
The music plays on.

Jay Purser



Imagination
A preview of the future
Dreams of life to come

Amy Cox



I

When I say good-bye
It is just the beginning
Of a brand-new love.

II

Friendship is like a
Tree in the wind, either it
Breaks or learns to bend.

III

Hold me in your heart.
Do not grasp me with your hands.
Do not restrain love.

IV

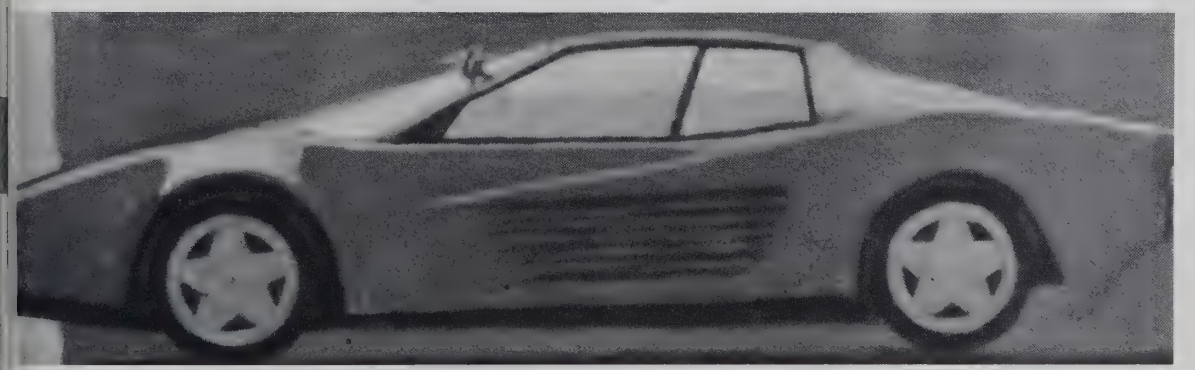
Letting my love go —
Not because I do not care,
But I care too much.

Laura Reeger

Model Cars

Several boxes
Sealed to hold the plastic in
Toys to boys; men's dreams

Robert Johnson



Randy Ramirez

THISTLES
1987 Contest Winners

Short Story

1st Place — Lia MacMillan — "Memories in White"
2nd Place — Malissia Zapata — "Deadly Problem"

Poetry

1st Place — Sylvia Justice — "Prayers of a New Christian"
2nd Place — Sylvia Justice — "Tears of a Clown"
3rd Place — Sylvia Justice — "Trapped"
Honorable Mention
- Sylvia Justice — "Thanks for the Memory"
- Sylvia Justice — "Butterflies"
- Sylvia Justice — "My Son"
- Malissia Zapata — "Nocturnal Suite"
- David Payne — "The Fate of the Laura Lye"



Lisa Loftis

Art and Photography Contest Winners

Best of Show

Lisa Loftis
Pastel — "Austin Lillies"

Cinda Stanley
Chay Mask — "Solitude"

Three-Dimensional
1st Place — Carolyn Sedinger
Linda Rupard
2nd Place — Linda Rupard
Teresa Conway
3rd Place — Gloria Roe
Lisa Loftis

Pastels
1st Place — Lisa Loftis
2nd Place — Joyce Dixon
3rd Place — Randy Ramirez

Photography
Teresa Conway

Oils/Acrylics
1st Place — Sheree Moates
2nd Place — Carolyn Sedinger
Joyce Dixon
3rd Place — Ronnie Rayos

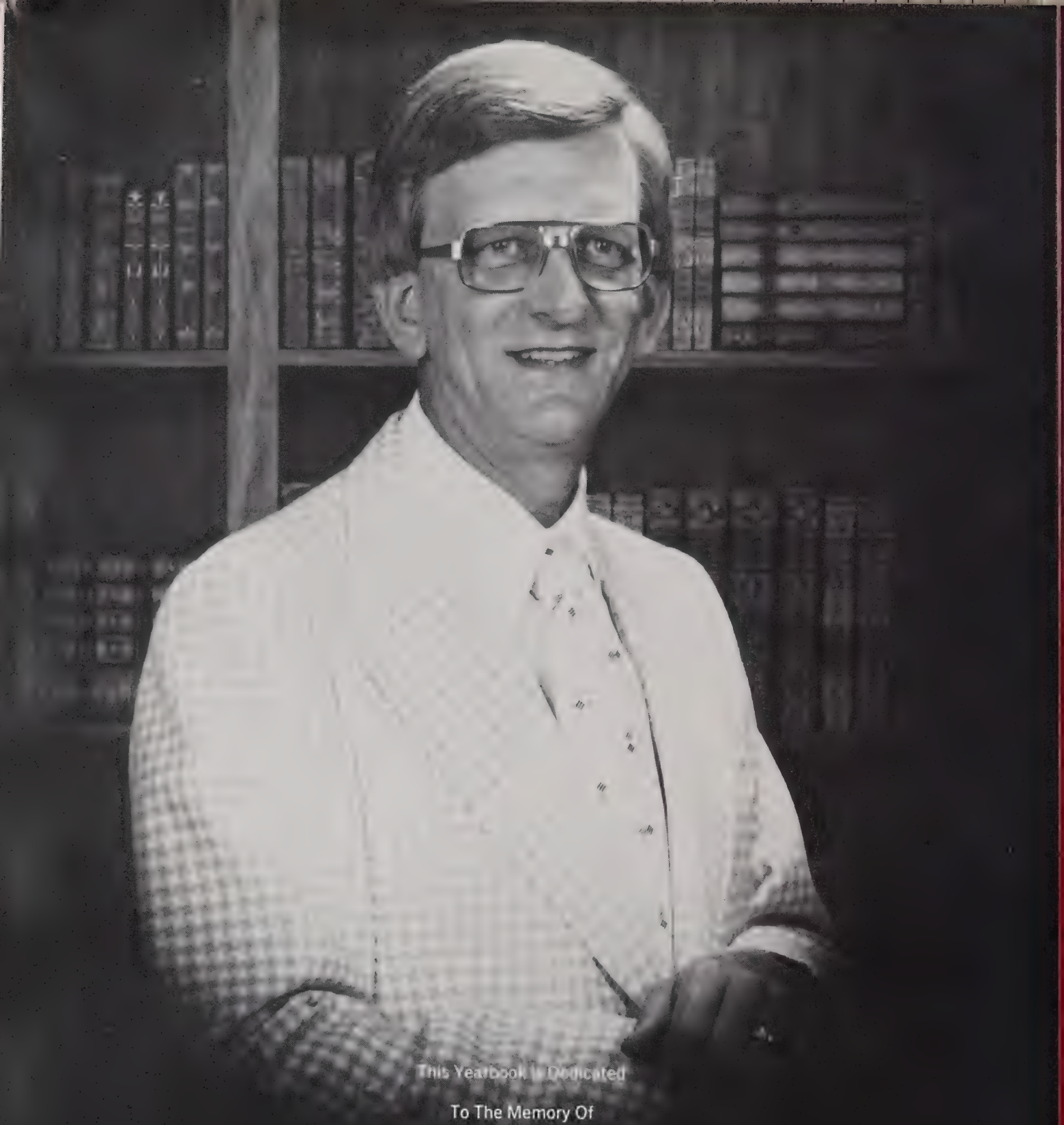
Graphics
1st Place — Lisa Loftis
2nd Place — Sharon Simonek
3rd Place — Holly Auster

Watercolor
1st Place — Sheree Moates
2nd Place — Sheree Moates
3rd Place — Amy Christensen

Mixed Media
Cinda Stanley

Ink
1st Place — Holly Auster
Lisa Loftis
2nd Place — Richard Wrezinski
3rd Place — Sharon Simonek

Honorable Mentions:
Gloria Roe — Doris Vieregge — Pricilla Escanuela
Holly Auster — Amy Christensen — Sharon Simonek
Ronnie Rayos



This Yearbook is Dedicated

To The Memory Of

DAN SHOCKEY

November 22, 1938-November 13, 1986

Dan was a man with a lifelong commitment to the values of speech and drama in the lives of young and old. He was a speech and drama teacher at Big Spring High School, 1961-69, and speech and drama instructor at Howard College, 1967-73. Dan served as Administrative Dean at Howard College, 1982-86. His contributions to Howard College and Howard County were many.